

# POEMS

O. N.

3 *fl.*

Several Occasions:

WITH

33

Valentinian;

A

TRAGEDY.

*To which is added,*

ADVICE to a PAINTER.

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Written by the Right Honourable

*JOHN*, late Earl of Rochester.

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L O N D O N:

30

Printed by *H. Hills*, and Sold by the Book-  
sellers of *London* and *Westminster*, 1710.



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WITH

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TRADY.

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JOHN W. late Earl of Rochford.

LONDON:

Printed by W. Thoms, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, 1740.

# THE P R E F A C E TO THE R E A D E R.

**A**mongst the Ancients, *Horace* deservedly bears the Name from 'emall, for Occasional Poems; many of which were address'd to *Pollio*, *Mecænas* and *Augustus*, the greatest Men, and the best Judges, and all his Poetry over-look'd by them. This made him of the Temper not to part with a Piece over-hastily; but to bring his Matter to a Review, to cool a little, and think twice before it went out of his Hands.

On the contrary, my Lord *Rocheſter* was loose from all Discipline of that kind. He found no Body of Quality or Severity so much above himself, to challenge a Deference, or to check the ordinary Licences of Youth, and impose on him the Obligation to copy over again, what on any Occasion had not been so excellently design'd.

Nor did he live long enough for Maturity and cool Reflections. He was born (as, in his Life, *Dr. Burnet* tells us) in 1648. and dy'd in 1680. At which Age of Thirty Two Years, *Horace* had done no Wonders, nor had attain'd to that *Curiosa Fælicitas*, which so fairly distinguish'd him afterwards.



Neither had *Virgil* himself, at that Age, ventur'd out of the Woods, or attempted any thing beyond the *Roundelays* and Conversation of *Damon* and *Amaryllis*.

Nor indeed, when my Lord came to appear in the World, was *Poetry*, at Court, under any good Aspect, unless it was notably flourish'd with Ribaldry and Debauch; which could not but prove of fatal Consequence, to a Wit of his Gentleness and Complaisance.

Far be it from me to insinuate any thing like a Comparison with the Ancients. Only we may observe, that no *Stile* or *Turn* of Thought came in his way, that he was not ready to improve. Something of *Ovid* he render'd into *English*, which is almost a Verbal Translation that matches the Original. He has Paraphras'd something of *Lucretius* and *Seneca*; and in his Verses the \* *Cup*, he gives us *Anacreon* with the same Air and Gaiety: What is added, falls in so proper and so easie, one might question whether my Lord *Rochester* imitates *Anacreon*, or *Anacreon* humours my Lord *Rochester*.

The *Satyr upon Man* is commonly taken to be a Translation from *Boileau*. The French have ordinarily compar'd their *Ronsards* and their *Malherbes* with *Virgil* and *Horace*. *Boileau* understands better. He has gone farthest to purge out the Chaff and Trifling, so familiar in the French Poetry, and to settle a Traffick of good Sense amongst them. It may not be amiss to see some Lines of *Boileau* and of my Lord *Rochester* together, on the same Subject.

( 77 )  
A Monsieur M. ———  
Docteur de S O R B.

**D**E tous les Animaux qui s'élèvent dans le Monde  
Qui marchent sur la Terre, ou nagent dans la Mer  
De Paris au Perou, du Japon jusqu'à Rome,  
La plus sot Animal, à mon avis, c'est l'Homme.  
Quoi, dira-t-on d'abord! un ver, une fourmi,  
Un insecte rampant qui ne vit qu'à demi,  
Un Taureau qui rumine, une Cbevre qui broie,  
Ont l'Esprit mieux tourné que n'a l'homme? oui, sans doute.  
Ce discours se surprend, Docteur, je le suppose:  
L'Homme de la Nature est le Chef, le Roi,  
Bois, Prez, Champs, Animaux, tout est pour son usage;  
Et lui seul a, dit-on, la raison en partage.  
Il est vrai, de tout temps la raison fut son lot.  
Mais de là se conclut, que l'Homme est le plus sot.

In English. By Mr. OLIVIER.

**O**F all the Creatures in the world  
Beast, Fish, or Bird, or Worm, or Fly,  
Thro'out the Globe, from London to Japan,  
The arrant st. Fool in my Opinion's Man.  
What (Pratt I'm taken up) an Hat, a Fly,  
A tiny Mice who'd be a Cat, a Dog,  
Without a single Couplet  
Or freakish Apr! dare you affirm that these  
Have greater Sense than Man? Ah, questionless.  
Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse;  
Man, a, you say, is Lord of the Universe;  
For him was this fair Frame of Nature made,  
And all the Creatures for his Use and Aid;  
To him alone, of all the Living Kind,  
Has boundless Honour, Wealth, and Power assign'd.  
True, Sir, but Reason always makes him  
But thence I argue Man the greater Sot.



By my Lord Rochester, thus.

**W**ERE I ( who, to my Cost, already am,  
 One of those strange, prodigious Creatures, Man ; )  
 A Spirit free, to chuse for my own share,  
 What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,  
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,  
 Or any thing but that vain Animal,  
 Who is so proud of being Rational.

It might vex a patient Reader, should I go about very minutely to shew the Difference here betwixt these Two Authors ; 'tis sufficient to set them together. My Lord Rochester gives us another Cast of Thought, another Turn of Expression, a Strength, a Spirit, and Manly Vigour, which the French are utter Strangers to. Whatever Giant Boileau may be in his own Country, he seems little more than a Man of Straw with my Lord Rochester.

What the former had expounded in a long-winded Circumference of Fourteen Lines, is here most happily express'd within half the Compass. What Work might that single Couplet [ *A Spirit, free, &c.* ] make for one that loves to Dilate ! Some able Commentator would hammer out of it all *Plato, Origen, and Virgil* too into the Bargain.

Wheresoever he Imitated or Translated, was loss to him : He had a Treasure of his own ; a Mine not to be exhausted. His own Oar and Thoughts were rich and fine : His own Stamp and Expression more neat and beautiful than any he could borrow or fetch from abroad.

No Imitation could bound or prescribe whither his Flight should carry him: Were the Subject light, you find him a Philosopher, grave and profound, to Wonder? Were the Subject lumpish and heavy, then would his Mercury dissolve all into Gaiety and Diversion. You would take his *Monkey* for a Man of *Metaphysicks*; and his \* *Gondibert* \* P. 98: he sends with all that Grimace to *demolish Windows*, or do some the like *Important Mischief*.

But, after all, what must be done for the Fair Sex? They confess a delicious Garden, but are told that *Venus* has her share in the Ornamental Part and Imagery. They are afraid of some *Cupid*, that levels at the next tender Dame that stands fair in the way; and must not expect a *Diana* or *Hippolitus* on every Pedestal.

For this matter the *Publisher* assures us, he has been diligent out of measure, and has taken exceeding Care that every Block of Offence should be remov'd.

So that this Book is a Collection of such Pieces only, as may be receiv'd in a virtuous Court, and not unbecome the Cabinet of the Severest Matron.



No Imitation could bound or prescribe whither  
his flight should carry him. Were the Subject light,  
you find him a Philosopher, grave and profound,  
to Webster he sues for health and health,  
then would his Mercury dissolve all into Gaiety and  
Diversion. You would say, 'tis a Man of Metaphysics;  
and his \* Conscience

# PASTORAL, In Imitation of the GREEK of MOSCHUS;

Bewailing the  
DEATH of the Earl of Rochester.

**M**ourn, all ye Groves, in darker Shades be seen;  
Let Groans be heard where gentle Winds have been;  
Ye Albion Rivers, weep your Fountains dry,  
And all ye Plants, your Moisture spend, and die:  
Ye melancholy Flow'rs, which once were Men,  
Lament, until you be transform'd again;  
Let every Rose pale as the Lilly be,  
And Winter Frost seize the Anemone:  
But thou, O Hyacinth, more vigorous grow,  
In mournful Letters thy sad Glory show,  
Enlarge thy Grief, and flourish in thy Woe:  
For Bion, the beloved Bion's dead,  
His Voice is gone, his tuneful Breath is fled  
Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Mourn, ye sweet Nightingales, in the thick Woods;  
Tell the sad News to all the British Floods:  
See it to Isis and to Cham convey'd,  
To Thames, to Humber, and to utmost Tweed:  
And bid them waft the bitter Tidings on,  
How Bion's dead, how the lov'd Swain is gone,  
And with him all the Art of graceful Song.  
Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ye gentle Swans, that haunt the Brooks and Springs,  
 Pine with sad Grief, and droop your sickly Wings:  
 In doleful Notes the heavy Loss bewail,  
 Such as you sing at your own Funeral,  
 Such as you sung when your lov'd Orpheus fell.  
 Tell it to all the Rivers, Hills, and Plains,  
 Tell it to all the British Nymphs and Swains,  
 And bid them too the dismal Trains spread  
 Of Bion's Fate, of England's Orpheus dead.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

No more, alas! no more that lovely Swain  
 Charms with his tuneful Pipe the wondrous Plains  
 Ceas'd are those Lays, ceas'd are those brightly Ayres,  
 That woo'd our Souls into our ravish'd Ears:  
 For which the list'ning Streams forgot to run,  
 And Trees lean'd their attentive Branches down,  
 While the glad Hills, loth the sweet Sounds to lose,  
 Lengthen'd in Echoes ev'ry heave and sigh,  
 Down to the melancholy Shades he's gone.  
 And there to Lethe's Banks reports his Doan:  
 Nothing is heard upon the Mountains now,  
 But pensivè Herds that for their Master lowe:  
 Straggling and comfortless about the rove,  
 Unmindful of their Pasture, and their Love.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

For thee, dear Swain, for thee his much-lov'd Son,  
 Does Phoebus Clouds of Mourning Black put on:  
 For thee the Fairies grieve, and cease to Dance  
 In spotful Rings by Night upon the Plains:  
 The Water-Nymphs alike thy Absence mourn,  
 And all their Springs to Tears and Sorrow turn.  
 Sad Eccho too does in deep Silence moan,  
 Since thou art mute, since thou art speechless grown:  
 She finds nought worth her Pains to imitate,  
 Now thy sweet Breath's stopp'd by untimely Fate:  
 Trees drop their Leaves to dress thy Funeral,  
 And all their Fruit before its Autumn Fall.



Each Flower fades, and hangs its wither'd Head,  
 And scorns to thrive, or live, now thou art dead:  
 Their bleating Flocks no more their Udders fill;  
 The painful Bees neglect their wonted Toil:  
 Alas! what boots it now their Hives to store  
 With the rich Spoils of ev'ry plunder'd Flower,  
 When thou, that wast all Sweetness, art no more?  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Ne'er did the Dolphins, on the lonely Shore,  
 In such loud Plaints utter their Grief before:  
 Never in such sad Notes did Philomel  
 To the relenting Rocks her Sorrows tell:  
 Ne'er on the Beech did poor Alcyone  
 So weep, when she her floating Lover saw:  
 Nor that dead Lover, to a Sea-fold turn'd,  
 Upon those Waves, where he was drawn'd, so mourn'd:  
 Nor did the Bird of Memmon with such Grief  
 Bedew those Ashes, which late gave him Life:  
 As they did now with vying Grief bewail,  
 As they did all lament dear Bion's Fall.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

In ev'ry Wood, on ev'ry Tree and Bush,  
 The Lark, the Linnet, Nightingale, and Thrush,  
 And all the feather'd Choir, that us'd to throng,  
 In list'ning Flocks, to learn his well-tun'd Song,  
 Now each in the sad Consort bear a Part,  
 And with kind Notes repay their Teacher's Art:  
 Ye Turtles too (I charge you here assist,  
 Let not your murmurs in the Crowd be mist:  
 To the dear Swain do not ungrateful prove,  
 That taught you how to sing, and how to love.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Whom hast thou left behind thee, skilful Swain,  
 That dares aspire to reach thy matchless Strain?  
 Who is there after thee, that dares pretend  
 Rashly to take thy warbling Pipe in Hand?

thy Notes remain yet fresh in ev'ry Ear,  
 And give us all Delight, and all Despair:  
 Thas'd Eccho still does on them meditate,  
 And to the whistling Reeds their Sounds repeat.  
 Can only e'er can equal thee in Song,  
 That Task does only to great Pan belong:  
 But Pan himself perhaps will fear to try,  
 Will fear perhaps to be out-done by thee.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Fair Galatea too laments thy Death,  
 Laments the ceasing of thy tuneful Breath:  
 Oft she, kind Nymph, resorted heretofore  
 To hear thy artful measures from the Shore:  
 Nor harsh like the rude Cyclops were thy Laws,  
 Whose grating Sounds did her soft Ears displease:  
 Such was the force of thy Enchanting Tongue,  
 That she for ever could have heard thy Song,  
 And chid the Hours that do so swiftly run,  
 And thought the Sun too hasty to go down,  
 Now does that lovely Nereid for thy sake  
 The Sea, and all her Fellow-Nymphs forsake.  
 Pensive upon the Beech, she sits alone,  
 And kindly tends the Flocks from which thou'rt gone.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

With thee, sweet Bion, all the Grace of Song,  
 And all the Muses boasted Art is gone:  
 Mute is thy Voice, which could all Hearts command,  
 Whose Pow'r no Shepherdess could e'er withstand.  
 All the soft weeping Loves about thee moan,  
 At once their Mother's Darling, and their own:  
 Dearer wast thou to Venus than her Loves,  
 Than her charm'd Girdle, than her faithful Doves,  
 Than the last gasping Kasset, which in Death  
 Adonis gave, and with them gave his Breath.  
 This, Thames, ah! this is now the second Loss,  
 For which in Tears thy weeping Current flows:  
 Spencer, the Muses Glory, went before,  
 He pass'd long since to the Elysian Shore.

For him (they say) for him thy dear-lov'd Son;  
 Thy Waves did long in sobbing Murmurs groan,  
 Long fill'd the Sea with their Complaint and Moan:  
 But now, alas! thou dost afresh bewail;  
 Another Son does now thy Sorrow call:  
 To part with either thou alike wast loth;  
 Both dear to thee, dear to the Fountains both;  
 He largely drank the Rills of sacred Cham,  
 And this no less of Ilis nobler Streams:  
 He sung of Heroes, and of hardy Knights,  
 Far-fam'd in Battels, and renown'd Exploits:  
 This medled not with bloody Fights, and Wars;  
 Pan was his Song, and Shepherds harmless Fars,  
 Love's peaceful Combats, and its gentle Cares:  
 Love ever was the Subject of his Lays,  
 And his soft Lays did Venus ever please.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verses:

Thou Sacred Bion art lamented more  
 Than all our tuneful Bards, that dy'd before.  
 Old Chaucer, who first taught the Use of Verse,  
 No longer has the Tribute of our Tears:  
 Milton, whose Muse with such a daring Flight,  
 Led out the Warring Seraphims to fight:  
 Bless'd Cowley too, who on the Banks of Cham  
 So sweetly sigh'd his Wrongs, and told his Flame:  
 And He, whose Song rais'd Cooper's Hill so high,  
 As made its Glory with Barnabas vie:  
 And soft Orinda, whose bright shining Name  
 Stands next great Sappho's in the Rank of Fame:  
 All now unwept, and unrevered pass,  
 And in our Grief no longer share a Place:  
 Bion alone does all our Tears engross,  
 Our Tears are all too few for Bion's Loss.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verses:

Thee all the Herdsman mourn in gentle Lays,  
 And rival one another in thy Praise:  
 In spreading Letters they engrave thy Name  
 On ev'ry Bark, that's worthy of the same:



Thy Name is warbled forth by ev'ry Tongue,  
 Thy Name the Burthen of each Shepherd's Song;  
 Waller, the sweet'st of living Bards, prepares  
 For thee his tendrest, and his mournfull'st Airs;  
 And I, the meanest of the British Swains,  
 Amongst the rest offer these humble Strains:  
 If I am reckon'd not unblest in Song,  
 'Tis what I owe to thy all-teaching Tongue  
 Some of thy Art, some of thy tuneful Breath,  
 Thou didst by Will to worthless me bequeath  
 Others thy Flocks, thy Lands, thy Riches have,  
 To me thou didst thy Pipe and Skill vouchsafe.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herd,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

Alas! by what ill Fate, to Man unkind,  
 Were we to so severe a Lot design'd?  
 The meanest Flowers which the Gardens yield;  
 The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field,  
 Which must e'er long lye dead in Winter's Snow,  
 Shall spring again, again more vigorous grow:  
 Yon Sun, and this bright Glory of the Day,  
 Which Night is hasting now to snatch away,  
 Shall rise anew more shining and more gay;  
 But wretched we must harder measure find,  
 The great'st, the brav'st, the witt'st of Mankind,  
 When Death has once put out their Light, in vain  
 Ever expect the Dawn of Life again,  
 In the dark Grave insensible they lye,  
 And there sleep out endless Eternity.  
 There thou to Silence ever art confin'd,  
 While less deserving Swains are left behind:  
 So please the Fates to deal with us below,  
 They cull out thee, and let dull Mævius go:  
 Mævius still lives; still let him live for me,  
 He and his Pipe shall ne'er my Envy be:  
 None e'er that heard thy sweet, thy artful Tongue,  
 Will grate their Ears with his rough untun'd Song,  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herd,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.

*A fierce Disease, sent by ungentle Death,  
 Snatch'd Bion hence, and stopp'd his hallow'd Breath:  
 A fatal Damp put out that heav'nly Fire,  
 That sacred Heat which did his Breast inspire;  
 Ah! what malignant Ill could boast that Pow'r,  
 Which his sweet Voice's Magick could not cure?  
 Ah, cruel Fate! how cou'dst thou chuse but spare?  
 How cou'dst thou exercise thy Rigour here?  
 Would thou hadst thrown thy Dart at worthless me,  
 And let his dear, his valu'd Life go free:  
 Better Ten Thousand meaner Swains had dy'd,  
 Than this best Work of Nature been destroy'd.  
 Come, all ye Muses, come, adorn the Shepherd's Herse,  
 With never-fading Garlands, never-dying Verse.*

*Ah! would kind Death alike had sent me hence;  
 But Grief shall do the Work, and save its Pains;  
 Grief shall accomplish my desired Doom,  
 And soon dispatch me to Elysium:  
 There, Bion, would I be, there gladly know,  
 How with thy Voice thou charm'st the Shades below.  
 Sing, Shepherd, sing one of thy Strains Divine,  
 Such as may melt the fierce Elysian Queen:  
 She once her self was pleas'd with tuneful Strains;  
 And sung and danc'd on the Sicillian Plains:  
 Fear not thy Song should unsuccessful prove,  
 Fear not but 'twill the pitying Goddess move:  
 She once was won by Orpheus heav'nly Lays,  
 And gave his Fair Eurydice release.  
 And thine as pow'rful (question not, dear Swain)  
 Shall bring thee back to these glad Hills again.  
 Ev'n I my self, did I at all excel,  
 Would try the utmost of my Voice and Skill,  
 Would try to move the ridgid King of Hell.*

# The TABLE.

A Dialogue between <i>Strephon</i> and <i>Daphne</i> . <i>Prisbe</i> <i>non</i> , <i>fond</i> <i>fool</i> , <i>give</i> <i>o'er</i> , &c.	Page A
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Woman's Honour. <i>Love</i> <i>bid</i> <i>me</i> <i>hope</i> , <i>and</i> <i>I</i> <i>obey'd</i> , &c.	p. 9
Grecian Kindness. <i>The</i> <i>utmost</i> <i>Grace</i> <i>the</i> <i>Greeks</i> <i>could</i> <i>shew</i> , &c.	p. 10
The Mistress. <i>An</i> <i>Age</i> , <i>in</i> <i>her</i> <i>Embraces</i> <i>past</i> , &c.	ibid.
A Song. <i>Absent</i> <i>from</i> <i>thee</i> <i>I</i> <i>languish</i> <i>still</i> , &c.	P. 12
To <i>Corinna</i> . <i>What</i> <i>cruel</i> <i>Pains</i> <i>Corinna</i> <i>takes</i> , &c.	ibid.
A Song of a young Lady to her Ancient Lover. <i>Ancient</i> <i>Person</i> , <i>for</i> <i>whom</i> <i>I</i> , &c.	P. 13
A Song. <i>Phyllis</i> , <i>be</i> <i>gentler</i> , <i>I</i> <i>advise</i> , &c.	p. 14
To a Lady in a Letter. <i>Such</i> <i>perfect</i> <i>Bliss</i> , <i>Fair</i> <i>Cloris</i> , <i>we</i> , &c.	p. 15
The Fall. <i>How</i> <i>blest</i> 'd <i>was</i> <i>the</i> <i>created</i> <i>State</i> , &c.	p. 16
Love and Life. <i>All</i> <i>my</i> <i>past</i> <i>Life</i> <i>is</i> <i>mine</i> <i>no</i> <i>more</i> , &c.	ibid.
A Song. <i>While</i> <i>on</i> <i>those</i> <i>lovely</i> <i>Looks</i> <i>I</i> <i>gaze</i> , &c.	p. 17
A Song. <i>Love</i> <i>a</i> <i>Woman</i> ! <i>you're</i> <i>an</i> <i>Ass</i> , &c.	p. 18
A Song. <i>To</i> <i>this</i> <i>Moment</i> <i>a</i> <i>Rebel</i> , <i>I</i> <i>throw</i> <i>down</i> <i>my</i> <i>Arms</i> , &c.	ibid.
Upon his leaving his Mistress. 'Tis <i>not</i> <i>that</i> <i>I</i> <i>am</i> <i>weary</i> <i>grown</i> , &c.	p. 19
Upon Drinking in a Bowl. <i>Vulcan</i> , <i>contrive</i> <i>me</i> <i>such</i> <i>a</i> <i>Cup</i> , &c.	p. 20
A Song. <i>As</i> <i>Chloris</i> <i>full</i> <i>of</i> <i>hazards</i> <i>Thoughts</i> , &c.	p. 21
A Song. <i>Give</i> <i>me</i> <i>leave</i> <i>to</i> <i>rail</i> <i>at</i> <i>you</i> , &c.	p. 22
The Answer. <i>Nothing</i> <i>adds</i> <i>to</i> <i>your</i> <i>fond</i> <i>Fire</i> , &c.	ibid.



To Chloris. Fair Chloris in a Pig-Sty lay, &c.

Constancy. I cannot change, as others do, &c.

A Song. My dear Mistress has a Heart, &c.

A Letter from Artemisa in the Town, to Cloe in the Country. Cloe,

your Command, in Verse I write, &c.

An Epistolary Essay from M. G. to O. B. upon their Mutual Poems. Dear

Friend, I hear this Town does so abound, &c.

A Satyr against Mankind. Were I, who to my Cost already am, &c.

The Maim'd Debauchee. As some brave Admiral, in former Wars, &c.

Upon Nothing. Nothing! thou Elder Brother art no Shade, &c.

A Translation from Lucretius, &c. The Gods, by Right of Nature, will

possess, &c.

The Ninth Elegy in the Second Book of Ovid's Amours, Translated.

O Love! how cold and slow, &c.

The latter End of the Chorus of the Second Act of Seneca's Troas, Tran-

slated. After Death nothing is, &c.

To His Sacred Majesty, on His Restauration in 1660, written at 12 Years

old. Virtue's Triumphant Shrine!

In Obit. Seren. Mariae Prin. Auran. Impia blasphemi fletant concilia

vulgi, &c.

To Her Sacred Majesty, the Queen-Mother, on the Death of Henry, Prin-

cess of Orange, (written at 12 Years old.) Respite great Queen, &c.

An Epilogue. Some few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got, &c.

An Epilogue. As Charms are Nonsense, Nonsense seems a Charm, &c.

A Prologue, spoken at the Court at White-Hall, before King Charles the

Second, by the Lady Elizabeth Howard. Wit has of late took up a

Trick it appear, &c.

Alexander Bendo's Bill. To all Gentlemen, Ladies, &c.

The Tragedy of Valentinian.

Advice to a Painter, &c.



# P O E M S

ON

## Several Occasions.

*A Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne:*

*Strephon.*

**P**Rithee now, fond Fool, give o'er;  
 Since my Heart is gone before,  
 To what Purpose should I stay?  
 Love commands another way.

*Daphne.*

Perjur'd Swain, I knew the time  
 When Dissembling was your Crime.  
 In Pity now employ that Art  
 Which first betray'd, to ease my Heart.

*Strephon.*

Women can with Pleasure feign:  
 Men dissemble still with Pain.  
 What Advantage will it prove,  
 If I Lie, who cannot Love?

*Daphne.*

Tell me then the Reason why,  
 Love from Hearts in Love does fly?  
 Why the Bird will build a Nest,  
 Where he ne'er intends to rest?

**B**

*Strephon.*

*Strepbon.*

Love, like other little Boys,  
 Cries for Hearts, as they for Toys:  
 Which, when gain'd, in Childish Play,  
 Wantonly are thrown away.

*Daphne.*

Still on Wing, or on his Knees,  
 Love does nothing by degrees:  
 Basely flying when most priz'd,  
 Meanly fawning when despis'd.  
 Flatt'ring or insulting ever,  
 Generous and grateful never:  
 All his Joys are fleeting Dreams,  
 All his Woes severe Extrems.

*Strepbon.*

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh;  
 Love, like us, must Fate obey.  
 Since 'tis Nature's Law to change,  
 Constancy alone is strange.  
 See the Heav'ns in Lightnings break,  
 Next in Storms of Thunder speak;  
 'Till a kind Rain from above  
 Makes a Calm,—so 'tis in Love.  
 Flames begin our first Address,  
 Like meeting Thunder we embrace:  
 Then you know the Show'rs that fall  
 Quench the Fire, and quiet all.

*Daphne.*

How should I these Show'rs forget,  
 'Twas so pleasant to be wet?  
 They kill'd Love, I knew it well,  
 I dy'd all the while they fell.  
 Say at least what Nymph it is  
 Robs my Breast of so much Bliss?  
 If she is Fair, I shall be eas'd,  
 Thro' my Ruin you'll be pleas'd.

*Str-*



(3)  
*Strepbon.*

*Daphne* never was so Fair :  
*Strepbon*, scarcely, so sincere,  
Gentle, Innocent, and Free,  
Ever pleas'd with only me.  
Many Charms my Heart enthral,  
But there's one above 'em all :  
With Aversion she does fly  
Tedious, Trading, Constancy.

*Daphne.*

Cruel Shepherd ! I submit ;  
Do what Love and you think fit :  
Change is Fate, and not Design,  
Say you would have still been mine.

*Strepbon.*

*Nymph* I cannot : 'Tis too true,  
Change has greater Charms than you.  
Be, by my Example, wise,  
Faith to Pleasure sacrifice.

*Daphne.*

Silly Swain, I'll have you know,  
'Twas my Practice long ago :  
Whilst you vainly thought me true,  
I was false in Scorn of you.  
By my Tears, my Heart's Disguise,  
I thy Love and thee despise.  
Womankind more Joy discovers  
Making Fools, than keeping Lovers.

*A Pastoral DIALOGUE between*  
*Alexis and Strephon.*

---

*Written at the Bath, in the Year 1674.*

---

*Alexis.*

**T**Here sighs not on the Plain  
 So lost a Swain as I;  
 Scorch'd up with Love, froz'n with Disdain,  
 Of killing Sweetness I complain.

*Strephon.*

If 'tis *Corinna*, die.  
 Since first my dazled Eyes were thrown  
 On that bewitching Face,  
 Like ruin'd Birds robb'd of their Young,  
 Lamenting, frightened, and undone,  
 I fly from Place to Place.  
 Fram'd by some cruel Pow'rs above,  
 So Nice she is, and Fair;  
 None from undoing can remove,  
 Since all, who are not blind, must Love;  
 Who are not vain, Despair.

*Alexis.*

The Gods no sooner give a Grace,  
 But, fond of their own Art,  
 Severely Jealous, ever place,  
 To guard the Glories of a Face,  
 A Dragon in the Heart.  
 Proud and Ill-natur'd Pow'rs they are,  
 Who, peevish to Mankind,  
 For their own Honour's sake, with care  
 Make a sweet Form divinely fair,  
 Then add a cruel Mind.

*Alexis.*

*Alexis.*

Since she's insensible of Love,  
 By Honour taught to hate;  
 If we, forc'd by Decrees above,  
 Must sensible to Beauty prove,  
 How Tyrannous is Fate?  
 To the *Nymph* have never nam'd  
 The Cause of all my Pain.

*Strepson.*

Such Bashfulness may well be blam'd;  
 For since to Serve we're not assum'd,  
 Why should she blush to Reign?

*Alexis.*

But if her haughty Heart despise  
 My humble proffer'd one;  
 The just Compassion she denies,  
 I may obtain from others Eyes;  
 Hers are not fair alone.  
 Devouring Flames require new Food;  
 My Heart's consum'd almost:  
 New Fires must kindle in her Blood,  
 Or mine go out, and that's as good.

*Strepson.*

Wou'dst live, when Love is lost?  
 Be dead before thy Passion dies;  
 For if thou shou'dst survive,  
 What Anguish would the Heart surprize,  
 To see her Flames begin to rise,  
 And thine no more to live.

*Alexis.*

Rather what Pleasure should I meet  
 In my Triumphant Scorn,  
 To see my Tyrant at my Feet;  
 While taught by her, unmov'd I sit  
 A Tyrant in my turn.



*Strepson.*

Ungentle Shepherd! cease, for shame;  
 Which way can you pretend  
 To merit so Divine a Flame,  
 Who to dull Life make a mean Claim,  
 When Love is at an End?

'As Trees are by their Bark embrac'd,  
 Love to my Soul doth cling;  
 When torn by the Herd's greedy Taste,  
 The injur'd Plants feel they're defac'd,  
 They wither in the Spring.

My rified Love would soon retire,  
 Dissolving into Air,  
 Shou'd I that Nymph cease to admire,  
 Bless'd in whose Arms I will expire,  
 Or at her Feet despair.

### *The* A D V I C E.

**A**LL Things submit themselves to your Command;  
 Fair *Cælia*, when it does not Love withstand:  
 The Pow'r it borrows from your Eyes alone;  
 All but the God must yield to, who has none.  
 Were he not blind, such are the Charms you have,  
 He'd quit his Godhead to become your Slave:  
 Be proud to act a Mortal Hero's Part,  
 And throw himself for Fame on his own Dart.  
 But Fate has otherwise dispos'd of things,  
 In diff'rent Bands subjected Slaves, and Kings:  
 Fetter'd in Forms of Royal State are they,  
 While we enjoy the Freedom to obey.  
 That Fate like you resistless does ordain  
 To Love, that over Beauty he shall Reign.

By

By Harmony the Universe does move,  
 And what is Harmony but mutual Love?  
 Who would resist an Empire so Divine,  
 Which Universal Nature does enjoin?  
 See gentle Brooks, how quietly they glide,  
 Kissing the rugged Banks on either side.  
 While in their Crystal Streams at once they show,  
 And with them feed the Flow'rs which they bestow;  
 Tho' rudely throng'd by a too near Embrace,  
 In gentle Murmurs they keep on their Pace  
 To the lov'd Sea; for Streams have their Desires;  
 Cool as they are, they feel Love's pow'rful Fires;  
 And with such Passion, that if any Force  
 Stop or molest them in their am'rous Course;  
 They swell, break down with Rage, and ravage o'er  
 The Banks they kiss'd, and Flow'rs they fed before.  
 Submit then, *Calia*, e'er you be reduc'd;  
 For Rebels, vanquish'd once, are vitely us'd.  
 Beauty's no more but the dead Soil, which Love  
 Manures, and does by wise Commerce improve:  
 Sailing by Sighs, through Seas of Tears, he sends  
 Courtships from foreign Hearts, for your own Ends:  
 Cherish the Trade, for as with *Indians* we  
 Get Gold, and Jewels, for our Trumpery:  
 So to each other, for their useless Toys,  
 Lovers afford whole Magazines of Joys.  
 But if you're fond of Baubles, be, and starve,  
 Your Guegaw Reputation still preserve:  
 Live upon Modesty and empty Fame,  
 Foregoing Sense for a fantastick Name.



## The DISCOVERY.

**C***elia*, that faithful Servant you disown,  
 Would in Obedience keep his Love his own :  
 But bright Ideas, such as you inspire,  
 We can no more conceal, than not admire.  
 My Heart at home in my own Breast did dwell,  
 Like humble Hermit in a peaceful Cell :  
 Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,  
 Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.  
 Now Love with a tumultuous Train invades  
 The sacred Quiet of those hallow'd Shades :  
 His fatal Flames shine out to ev'ry Eye,  
 Like blazing Comets in a Winter Sky.  
 How can my Passion merit your Offence,  
 That challenges so little Recompence :  
 For I am one, born only to admire ;  
 Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire.  
 A Thing, whose Bliss depends upon your Will ;  
 Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.  
 Then give me leave to glory in my Chain,  
 My fruitless Sighs, and my unpity'd Pain.  
 Let me but ever love, and ever be  
 Th'Example of your Pow'r and Cruelty.  
 Since so much Scorn does in your Breast reside,  
 Be more indulgent to its Mother Pride.  
 Kill all you strike, and trample on their Graves ;  
 But own the Fates of your neglected Slaves :  
 When in the Croud yours undistinguish'd lyes,  
 You give away the Triumph of your Eyes.  
 Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find  
 More Mercy, than your Anger has design'd :  
 But Love has carefully design'd for me,  
 The last Perfection of Misery.  
 For to my State the Hopes of common Peace,  
 Which ev'ry Wretch enjoys in Death, must cease :  
 My worst of Fates attend me in my Grave,  
 Since, dying, I must be no more your Slave.



( 5 )  
Woman's Honour.

A S O N G.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;  
*Phillis* continu'd still unkind:  
Then you may e'en despair, he said,  
In vain I strive to change her Mind.

2.

*Honour's* got in, and keeps her Heart;  
Durst he but venture once abroad,  
In my own Right I'd take your Part,  
And shew my self a mightier God.

3.

This huffing *Honour* domineers  
In Breasts, where he alone has place;  
But if true gen'rous *Love* appears,  
The Hector dares not shew his Face.

4.

Let me still languish, and complain,  
Be most inhumanly deny'd:  
I have some Pleasure in my Pain,  
She can have none with all her Pride.

5.

I fall a Sacrifice to *Love*,  
She lives a Wretch for *Honour's* sake;  
Whose Tyrant does most cruel prove,  
The Diff'rence is not hard to make.

6.

Consider *Real Honour* then,  
You'll find *Hers* cannot be the same;  
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,  
In Women mean mistrustful Shame.

Grecian

# Grecian Kindness.

## A S O N G.

1.  
**T**HE utmost Grace the *Greeks* could shew,  
 When to the *Trojans* they grew kind,  
 Was with their Arms to let 'em go,  
 And leave their lingring Wives behind.  
 They bear the Men, and burnt the Town,  
 Then all the Baggage was their own.

2.  
 There the kind Deity of Wine  
 Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love;  
 This clapp'd his Wings, that press'd his Vine;  
 And their best Pow'rs united move.  
 While each brave *Greek* embrac'd his Punk,  
 Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

# The MISTRESS.

## A S O N G.

1.  
**A**N Age in her Embraces past,  
 Would seem a Winters Day;  
 Where Life and Light, with envious haste,  
 Are torn and snatch'd away.

2.  
 But, oh! how slowly Minutes roul,  
 When absent from her Eyes;  
 That fed my Love, which is my Soul,  
 It languishes and dies.

3.  
For then no more a Soul but Shade,  
It mournfully does move;  
And haunts my Breast, by Absence made  
The living Tomb of Love.

4.  
You wiser Men despise me not;  
Whose Love-sick Fancy raves,  
On Shades of Souls, and Heav'n knows what;  
Short Ages live in Graves.

5.  
Whene'er those wounding Eyes, so full  
Of Sweetness, you did see;  
Had you not been profoundly dull,  
You had gone mad like me.

6.  
Nor censure us, you who perceive  
My best belov'd and me,  
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,  
You think we disagree.

7.  
Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousie,  
Love rais'd to an Extream;  
The only Proof 'twixt them and me,  
We love, and do not dream.

8.  
Fantastick Fancies fondly move;  
And in frail Joys believe:  
Taking false Pleasure for true Love;  
But Pain can ne'er deceive.

9.  
Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,  
And anxious Cares, when past,  
Prove our Heart's Treasure fix'd and dear,  
And make us bless'd at last.



## A S O N G.

1.  
**A**bsent from thee I languish still;  
 Then ask me not, When I return?  
 The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,  
 To wish all Day, all Night to mourn.

2.  
 Dear; from thine Arms then let me flie,  
 That my fantastick Mind may prove  
 The Torments it deserves to try,  
 That tears my fix'd Heart from my Love.

3.  
 When weary'd with a World of Woe  
 To thy safe Bosom I retire,  
 Where Love, and Peace, and Truth does flow,  
 May I contented there expire.

4.  
 Lest once more wand'ring from that Heav'n,  
 I fall on some base Heart unblest;  
 Faithless to thee, false, unforgiven,  
 And lose my everlasting Rest.

---

 T O C O R I N N A.  
 A S O N G.

1.  
**W**hat cruel Pains *Corinna* takes,  
 To force that harmless Frown:  
 When not one Charm her Face forsakes,  
 Love cannot lose his own.

2.  
 So sweet a Face, so soft a Heart,  
 Such Eyes so very kind,  
 Betray, alas! the silly Art  
 Virtue had ill design'd.

3.  
 Poor feeble Tyrant ! who in vain  
 Would proudly take upon her,  
 Against kind Nature to maintain  
 Affected Rules of Honour.

4.  
 The Scorn she bears so helpless proves,  
 When I plead Passion to her,  
 That much she fears, (but more she loves,)  
 Her Vassal should undo her.

---

A S O N G of a Young L A D Y,  
 To Her Ancient Lover.

1.  
**A** Ncient Person, for whom I  
 All the flatt'ring Youth despise;  
 Long be it e'er thou grow Old,  
 Aking, shaking, crasie, cold.  
 But still continue as thou art,  
*Ancient Person of my Heart.*

2.  
 On thy wither'd Lips and dry,  
 Which like barren Furrows lye,  
 Brooding Kisses I will pour,  
 Shall thy youthful Heart restore.  
 Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,  
 And a second Spring recal:  
 Nor from thee will ever part,  
*Ancient Person of my Heart.*

3.  
 Thy Nobler Parts, which but to name,  
 In our Sex would be counted Shame,  
 By Age's frozen Grasp possess'd,  
 From their Ice shall be releas'd ;

And,

(13)  
And, sooth'd by my reviving Hand,  
In former Warmth and Vigour stand.  
All a Lover's Wish can reach,  
For thy Joy my Love shall teach:  
And for thy Pleasure shall improve  
All that Art can add to Love.  
Yet still I love thee without Art,  
*Ancient Person of my Heart.*

---

A S O N G.

---

1.  
**P**hillis, be gentler, I advise;  
Make up for time mis-spent,  
When Beauty on its Death-bed lyes,  
'Tis high time to repent.

2.  
Such is the Malice of your Fate,  
That makes you old so soon;  
Your Pleasure ever comes too late,  
How early e'er begun.

3.  
Think what a wretched Thing is she,  
Whose Stars contrive, in spight,  
The Morning of her Love should be  
Her fading Beauty's Night.

4.  
Then if, to make your Ruin more,  
You'll peevishly be coy,  
Die with the Scandal of a Whore,  
And never know the Joy.



## To a Lady, in a Letter.

1.  
Such perfect Bliss, Fair *Chloris*, we  
In our Enjoyment prove :  
'Tis Pity restless Jealousie  
Should mingle with our Love.

2.  
Let us, since Wit has taught us how,  
Raise Pleasure to the Top :  
You Rival Bottle must allow,  
I'll suffer Rival Fop.

3.  
Think not in this that I design  
A Treason 'gainst Love's Charms,  
When following the God of Wine,  
I leave my *Chloris* Arms.

4.  
Since you have that, for all your haste,  
At which I'll ne'er repine,  
Its Pleasure can repeat as fast,  
As I the Joys of Wine.

5.  
There's not a brisk insipid Spark,  
That flutters in the Town ;  
But with your wanton Eyes you mark  
Him out to be your own.

6.  
Nor do you think it worth your Cate,  
How empty, and how dull,  
The Heads of your Admirers are,  
So that their Veins be full.

7.  
All this you freely may confess,  
Yet we ne'er disagree :  
For did you love your Pleasure less,  
You were no Match for me.

## The F A L L.

## A S O N G.

1.  
**H**OW bless'd was the Created State  
 Of Man and Woman, e'er they fell,  
 Compar'd to our unhappy Fate,  
 We need not fear another Hell.

2.  
 Naked, beneath cool Shades, they lay,  
 Enjoyment waited on Desire:  
 Each Member did their Wills obey,  
 Nor could a Wish set Pleasure higher.

3.  
 But we, poor Slaves to Hope and Fear,  
 Are never of our Joys secure:  
 They lessen still as they draw near,  
 And none but dull Delights endure.

4.  
 Then, *Chloris*, while I Duty pay,  
 The Nobler Tribute of my Heart,  
 Be not you so severe to say,  
 You love me for a frailer Part.

## L O V E and L I F E.

## A S O N G.

1.  
**A**LL my past Life is mine no more,  
 The flying Hours are gone:  
 Like Transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,  
 Whose Images are kept in store  
 By Memory alone.

2.

The Time that is to come is not ;  
 How can it then be mine ?  
 The present Moment's all my Lot ;  
 And that, as fast as it is got,  
*Phillis*, is only thine.

3.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,  
 False Hearts, and broken Vows ;  
 If I, by Miracle, can be  
 This live-long Minute true to thee,  
 'Tis all that Heav'n allows.

## A S O N G.

1.

**W**hile on those lovely Looks I gaze,  
 To see a Wretch pursuing,  
 In Raptures of a bless'd Amaze,  
 His pleasing happy Ruin ;  
 'Tis not for Pity that I move :  
 His Fate is too aspiring,  
 Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,  
 Dies wishing and admiring.

2.

But if this Murder you'd forego,  
 Your Slave from Death removing ;  
 Let me your Art of Charming know,  
 Or learn you mine of Loving.  
 But whether Life, or Death, betide,  
 In Love 'tis equal Measure :  
 The Victor lives with empty Pride ;  
 The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

C

A



## A S O N G.

1.  
**L** Ove a Woman! you're an Ass,  
 'Tis a most insipid Passion;  
 To chuse out for your Happiness,  
 The filliest Part of God's Creation.

2.  
 Let the Porter, and the Groom,  
 Things design'd for dirty Slaves;  
 Drudge in Fair *Aurelia's* Womb,  
 To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

3.  
 Farewel, Woman, I intend,  
 Henceforth, ev'ry Night to sit  
 With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,  
 Drinking to engender Wit.

## A S O N G.

1.  
**T** O this Moment a Rebel, I throw down my Arms,  
 Great *Love*, at first Sight of *Olinde's* bright Charms:  
 Made proud, and secure by such Forces as these,  
 You may now play the Tyrant as soon as you please.

2.  
 When Innocence, Beauty, and Wit do conspire  
 To betray, and engage, and inflame my Desire;  
 Why should I decline what I cannot avoid,  
 And let pleasing Hope by base Fear be destroy'd?

3.  
 Her Innocence cannot contrive to undo me,  
 Her Beauty's inclin'd, or why should it pursue me?  
 And Wit has to Pleasure been ever a Friend;  
 Then what room for Despair, since Delight is *Love's* End?

There

4.

There can be no Danger in Sweetness and Youth,  
Where Love is secur'd by Good-nature and Truth:  
On her Beauty I'll gaze, and of Pleasure complain;  
While ev'ry kind Look adds a Link to my Chain.

5.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to surprize;  
But her Wit leads in Triumph the Slave of her Eyes:  
I beheld with the Loss of my Freedom before,  
But hearing, for ever must serve and adore.

6.

Too bright is my Goddess, her Temple too weak:  
Retire, Divine Image! I feel my Heart break.  
Help, *Love*, I dissolve in a Rapture of Charms;  
At the thought of those Joys I should meet in her Arms.

### *Upon his Leaving his MISTRESS,*

1.

**T**IS not that I am weary grown  
Of being yours, and yours alone:

But with what Face can I incline,  
To damn you to be only mine?  
You, whom some kinder Pow'r did fashion,  
By Merit, and by Inclination,  
The Joy at least of a whole Nation.

2.

Let meaner Spirits of your Sex,  
With humble Aims their Thoughts perplex:  
And boast, if, by their Arts, they can  
Contrive to make *One* happy Man.  
While, mov'd by an impartial Sense,  
Favours, like Nature, you dispense,  
With Universal Influence.

3.  
 See the kind Seed-receiving Earth;  
 To ev'ry Grain affords a Birth :  
 On her no Show'rs unwelcome fall,  
 Her willing Womb retains 'em all.  
 And shall my *Celia* be confin'd?  
 No, live up to thy mighty Mind ;  
 And be the Mistress of Mankind.

### *Upon Drinking in a Bowl.*

1.  
**V**ulcan, contrive me such a Cup  
 As *Nestor* us'd of old :  
 Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,  
 Damask it round with Gold.

2.  
 Make it so large, that, fill'd with Sack  
 Up to the swelling Brim,  
 Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,  
 Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

3.  
 Engrave not Battel on his Cheek ;  
 With War I've nought to do :  
 I'm none of those that took *Mastrick*,  
 Nor *Tarmouth* Leaguer knew.

4.  
 Let it no Name of Planets tell,  
 Fix'd Stars, or Constellations :  
 For I am no *Sir Sindrophel*,  
 Nor none of his Relations.

5.  
 But Carve thereon a spreading Vine ;  
 Then add Two lovely Boys ;  
 Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,  
 The Type of future Joys.



*Cupid* and *Bacchus* my Saints are ;  
 May Drink and Love still reign :  
 With Wine I wash away my Cares,  
 And then to Love again.

## A S O N G.

1.

**A** *Chloris* full of harmless Thoughts  
 Beneath a Willow lay,  
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,  
 To pass the time away.

2.

She blusht to be encounter'd so,  
 And chid the am'rous Swain :  
 But as she strove to rise and go,  
 He pull'd her down again.

3.

A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,  
 In spite of her Disdain ;  
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,  
 And Love in ev'ry Vein.

4.

Ah, Youth ! ( said she ) what Charms are these,  
 That conquer and surprize ?  
 Ah ! let me — for unless you please,  
 I have no Power to rise.

5.

She fainting spoke, and trembling lay,  
 For fear he should comply :  
 Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray,  
 And give her Tongue the Lye.

6.

Thus she who Princes had deny'd,  
 With all their Pomp and Train ;  
 Was, in the lucky Minute, try'd,  
 And yielded to a Swain.

## A S O N G.

1.

**G**ive me leave to rail at you,  
 I ask nothing but my due;  
 To call you false, and then to say  
 You shall not keep my Heart a Day:  
 But, alas! against my Will,  
 I must be your Captive still.  
 Ah! be kinder then; for I  
 Cannot change, and would not die.

2.

Kindness has resistless Charms,  
 All besides but weakly move;  
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.  
 Beauty does the Heart invade,  
 Kindness only can persuade;  
 It gilds the Lover's Servile Chain,  
 And makes the Slaves grow pleas'd again.

## The A N S W E R.

1.

**N**othing adds to your fond Fire  
 More than Scorn, and cold Disdain:  
 I, to cherish your Desire,  
 Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

2.

You insisted on your Slave,  
 Humble Love you soon refus'd:  
 Hope not then a Pow'r to have,  
 Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think

3.  
Think not, *Thiss*, I will e'er,  
By my Love my Empire lose:  
You grow constant through Despair,  
Love return'd you would abuse.

4.  
Though you still possess my Heart,  
Scorn and Rigour I must feign:  
Ah! forgive that only Art  
Love has left, your Love to gain.

5.  
You that could my Heart subdue,  
To new Conquests ne'er pretend:  
Let the Example make me true,  
And of a conquer'd Foe a Friend.

6.  
Then, if e'er I should complain  
Of your Empire, or my Chain,  
Summon all the pow'rful Charms,  
And kill the Rebel in your Arms.

## A SONG, to CHLORIS.

1.  
**F**Air *Chloris* in a Pig-Sty lay,  
Her tender Herd lay by her:  
She slept, in murr'ring Gruntings they,  
Complaining of the scorching Day,  
Her Slumbers thus inspire,

2.  
She dreamt, while she with careful Pains  
Her Snowy Arms employ'd,  
In Ivory Pails, to fill out Grains,  
One of her Love-convicted Swains,  
Thus hasting to her cry'd:



3.  
Fly, Nymph, oh ! fly, e'er 'tis too late;  
A dear-lov'd Life to save :  
Rescue your Bosom Pig from Fate,  
Who now expires, hung in the Gate  
That leads to yonder Cave.

4.  
My self had try'd to set him free,  
Rather than brought the News :  
But I am so abhorr'd by thee,  
That ev'n thy Darling's Life from me,  
I know thou wou'dst refuse.

5.  
Struck with the News, as quick she flies  
As Blushes to her Face :  
Not the bright Lightning from the Skies,  
Nor Love, thot from her brighter Eyes,  
Move half so swift a Pace.

6.  
This Plot, it seems, the lustful Slave  
Had laid against her Honour :  
Which not one God took care to save ;  
For he pursues her to the Cave,  
And throws himself upon her.

7.  
Now pierced is her Virgin Zone,  
She feels the Foe within it ;  
She hears a broken am'rous Groan,  
The panting Lover's fainting Moan,  
Just in the happy Minute.

CON

( 38 )  
C O N S T A N C Y.

A S O N G.

1.

I Cannot change, as others do,  
Though you unjustly scorn:  
Since that poor Swain that Sighs for you,  
For you alone was born.  
No, *Phillis*, no, your Heart to move  
A surer way I'll try:  
And to revenge my slighted Love,  
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

2.

When, kill'd with Grief, *Amintas* lyes;  
And you to Mind shall call,  
The Sighs that now unpity'd rise,  
The Tears that vainly fall.  
That welcome Hour that ends this Smart,  
Will then begin your Pain;  
For such a faithful tender Heart  
Can never break, can never break in vain.

---

A S O N G.

1.

M Y dear Mistress has a Heart  
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me;  
When with Love's resistless Art,  
And her Eyes, she did enslave me.  
But her Constancy's so weak,  
She's so wild, and apt to wander;  
That my jealous Heart would break,  
Should we live one Day asunder.

Melt-

Melting Joys about her move,  
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Blisses;  
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,  
 And her Lips can warm with Kisses.  
 Angels listen when she speaks,  
 She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder:  
 But my jealous Heart would break,  
 Should we live one Day asunder.

---

*A LETTER from Artemisa in the  
 Town, to Cloe in the Country.*

**C**LOE, by your Command, in Verse I write:  
 Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight;  
 Such Talents better with our Sex agree,  
 Than lofty Flights of dangerous Poetry.  
 Among the Men, I mean the Men of Wit,  
 (At least they pass'd for such before they writ)  
 How many Bold Advent'urers for the Bays,  
 Proudly designing large Returns of Praise;  
 Who durst that stormy, pathless World explore;  
 Were soon dash'd back'd, and wreck'd on the dull Shore,  
 Broke of that little Stock they had before.  
 How would a Woman's, tott'ring Barque, be tost,  
 Where stoutest Ships (the Men of Wit) are lost?  
 When I reflect on this, I streight grow wise;  
 And my own self I gravely thus advise:

Dear *Artemisa*! Poetry's a Snare:  
*Bedlam* has many Mansions; have a care:  
 Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad;  
 You think your self inspir'd; he thinks you mad.  
 Consider too, 'twill be discreetly done,  
 To make your self the Fiddle of the Town.



To find th' ill-humour'd Pleasure at their need :  
 curs'd when you fail, and scorn'd when you succeed.  
 Thus, like an arrant Woman, as I am,  
 No sooner well convinc'd Writing's a Shame;  
 That *Whore* is scarce a more reproachful Name  
 Than Poetess—

Like Men that Marry, or like Maids that Woo,  
 Because 'tis th' very worst thing they can do :  
 Pleas'd with the Contradiction, and the Sin,  
 Methinks I stand on Thorns'till I begin.

Y'expect to hear, at least, what Love has past  
 In this lewd Town, since you and I saw last ;  
 What Change has happen'd of Intrigues, and whether  
 The old ones last, and who and who's together.  
 But how, my dearest *Cloe*, should I set  
 My Pen to Write, what I would fain forget?  
 Or name that lost thing *Love*, without a Tear,  
 Since so debauch'd by ill-bred Customs here?  
*Love*, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind ;  
 The softest Refuge Innocence can find ;  
 The safe Director of unguided Youth :  
 Fraught with kind Wilthes, and secur'd by Truth :  
 That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,  
 To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down :  
 On which one only Blessing God might raise,  
 In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise :  
 For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,  
 But felt a God, and bless'd his Pow'r in Love :  
 This only Joy, for which poor we are made,  
 Is grown, like Play, to be an arrant Trade :  
 The Rooks creep in, and it has got, of late,  
 As many little Cheats, and Tricks, as that.  
 But, what yet more Woman's Heart would vex,  
 'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own Sex :  
 Our silly Sex, who, born like Monarchs, free,  
 Turn Gipsies for a meaner Liberty ;  
 And hate Restraint, tho' but from Infamy :

That

That call whatever is not common Nice;  
 And, deaf to Nature's Rule, or Love's Advice,  
 Forsake the Pleasure to pursue the Vice.  
 To an exact Perfection they have brought  
 The Action Love; the Passion is forgot.  
 'Tis below Wit, they tell you, to admire;  
 And ev'n without approving they desire.  
 Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice,  
 'Twixt good and bad Whimsie decides, not Choice.  
 Fashions grow up for Taste, at Forms they strike;  
 They know what they would have, not what they like.  
*Bovv's* a Beauty, if some few agree  
 To call him so, the rest to that degree  
 Affected are, that with their Ears they see.

Where I was visiting the other Night,  
 Comes a fine Lady, with her humble Knight,  
 Who had prevail'd with her, through her own Skill,  
 At his Request, though much against his Will,  
 To come to *London*——

As the Coach stopt, I heard her Voice, more loud  
 Than a Great-belly'd Woman's in a Croud;  
 Telling the Knight that her Affairs require  
 He, for some Hours, obsequiously retire.  
 I think she was asham'd he should be seen:  
 Hard Fate of Husbands! the Gallant had been,  
 Though a diseas'd, ill-favour'd Fool, brought in.  
 Dispatch, says she, the Business you pretend,  
 Your beastly Visit to your Drunken Friend.  
 A Bottle ever makes you look so fine:  
 Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine.  
 Your Country-drinking Breath's enough to kill:  
 Sour Ale corrected with a Lemon Pill.  
 Prithee, farewell: We'll meet again anon.  
 The necessary Thing bows, and is gone.  
 She flies up Stairs, and all the haste does show  
 That Fifty Antick Postures will allow,  
 And then burst out——Dear Madam, am not I  
 The strangest, alter'd, Creature: Let me die



I find my self ridiculously grown;  
 Embarrass'd with my being out of Town:  
 Rude and untaught, like any *Indian* Queen;  
 My Country Nakedness is plainly seen.  
 How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the State;  
 And pray who are the Men most worn of late?  
 When I was marry'd, Fools were a-la-mode;  
 The Men of Wit were held then incommode.  
 Slow of Belief, and fickle in Desire,  
 Who, e'er they'll be perswaded, most enquire;  
 As if they came to spy, and not t'admire.  
 With searching Wisdom, fatal to their Ease,  
 They still find out why, what may, should not please;  
 Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare  
 Make 'em think better of us than we are:  
 And, if we hide our Frailties from their Sights,  
 Call us deceitful Jilts, and Hypocrites:  
 They little guess, who at our Arts are griev'd,  
 The perfect Joy of being well deceiv'd.  
 Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds, grow;  
 Rather than not be knowing, they will know,  
 What being known, creates their certain Woe.  
 Women should these, of all Mankind, avoid;  
 For Wonder, by clear Knowledge, is destroy'd.  
 Woman, who is an arrant Bird of Night,  
 Bold in the dusk, before a Fool's dull sight,  
 Must fly, when Reason brings the glaring Light.  
 But the kind easie Fool, apt to admire  
 Himself, trusts us, his Follies all conspire  
 To flatter his, and favour our Desire.  
 Vain of his proper Merit, he, with ease,  
 Believe we love him best, who best can please:  
 On him our gross, dull, common Flatt'ries pass;  
 Ever most happy when most made an Ass:  
 Heavy to apprehend; though all Mankind  
 Perceive us false, the Fop, himself, is blind.  
 Who, doating on himself——  
 Thinks every one that sees him of his Mind.

These



These are true Womens Men—here, forc'd to cease  
 Through want of Breath, not Will, to hold her Peace  
 She to the Window runs, where she had spy'd  
 Her much esteem'd, dear Friend, the Monkey ry'd:  
 With Forty Smiles, as many Antick Bows,  
 As if't had been the Lady of the House:  
 The dirty, chatt'ring Monster she embrac'd;  
 And made it this fine tender Speech at last.

Kiss me, thou curious Minature of Man;  
 How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan:  
 Oh! I could live and die with thee: Then on,  
 For half an Hour, in Compliments she ran.  
 I took this time to think what Nature meant,  
 When this mixt thing into the World she sent,  
 So very Wise, yet so Impertinent.  
 One that knows ev'ry thing, that God thought fit  
 Should be an Ass through Choice, not want of Wit.  
 Whose Foppery, without the help of Sense,  
 Could ne'er have rose to such an Excellence.  
 Nature's as lame in making a true Fop  
 As a Philosopher, the very Top,  
 And Dignity of Folly, we attain  
 By studious Search, and Labour of the Brain:  
 By Observation, Counsel, and deep Thought:  
 God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat.  
 We owe that Name to Industry and Arts;  
 An Eminent Fool must be a Fool of Parts.  
 And such a one was she; who had turn'd o'er  
 As many Books as Men; lov'd much, read more:  
 Had discerning Wit; to her was known  
 Every one's Fault, or Merit, but her own.  
 All the good Qualities that ever blest  
 A Woman so distinguish'd from the rest,  
 Except Discretion only, she possest.  
 But now *M<sup>r</sup> Cher* dear Pug, she cries, adieu,  
 And the Discourse, broke off, does thus renew:  
 You smile to see me, who the World perchance  
 Mistakes to have some Wit, so far advance

The Interest of Fools; that I approve  
 Their Merit more, than Men of Wit, in Love.  
 But, in our Sex, too many Proofs there are  
 Of such whom Wits undo, and Fools repair.  
 This, in my Time, was so observ'd a Rule,  
 Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.  
 The meanest, common Slut, who long was grown  
 The Jest, and Scorn, of ev'ry Pit-Buffoon;  
 Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd  
 Some Fop or other; fond to be thought lewd.  
*Foster* could make an *Irish* Lord a *Nokes*;  
 And *Betty Morris* had her City Cokes.  
 A Woman's ne'er so ruin'd, but she can  
 Be still reveng'd on her Undoer, Man:  
 How lost soe'er, she'll find some Lover more,  
 A more abandon'd Fool than she a Whore.  
 That wretched thing *Corinna*, who has run  
 Through all the sev'ral ways of being undone:  
 Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then  
 By turning the too-dear-bought Cheat on Men:  
 Gay were the Hours, and wing'd with Joy they flew,  
 When first the Town her early Beauties knew:  
 Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed;  
 Youth in her Looks, and Pleasure in her Bed:  
 'Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit  
 To make her doat upon a Man of Wit:  
 Who found 'twas dull to love above a Day;  
 Made his ill-natur'd Jest, and went away.  
 Now scorn'd of all, forsaken and oppress'd,  
 She's a *Memento Mori* to the rest:  
 Diseas'd, decay'd, to take up half a Crown  
 Must Mortgage her long Scarf, and Manto Gown;  
 Poor Creature, who unheard of, as a Fly,  
 In some dark Hole must all the Winter lye:  
 And Want, and Dirt, endure a whole half Year,  
 That, for one Month, she Tawdry may appear.  
 In *Easter* Term she gets her a new Gown;  
 When my young Master's Worship comes to Town:

From

From Pedagogue, and Mother, just set free;  
 The Heir and Hopes of a great Family:  
 Who with Strong Beer, and Beef, the Country rules;  
 And ever since the Conquest, have been Fools:  
 And now, with careful Prospect to maintain  
 This Character, lest crossing of the Strain  
 Should mend the Booby-breed; his Friends provide  
 A Cousin of his own to be his Bride:

And thus set out —————

With an Estate, no Wit, and a young Wife:  
 The solid Comforts of a Coxcomb's Life:  
 Dunghil and Pease forsook, he comes to Town;  
 Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone:  
 Nothing suits worse with Vice than want of Sense:  
 Fools are still wicked at their own Expence.  
 This o'er-grown School-Boy lost *Corinna* wins;  
 At the first Dash to make an Ass begins:  
 Pretends to like a Man that has not known  
 The Vanities or Vices of the Town:  
 Fresh is the Youth, and faithful in his Love,  
 Eager of Joys which he does seldom prove:  
 Healthful and strong, he does no Pains endure,  
 But what the Fair One he adores, can cure.  
 Grateful for Favours, does the Sex esteem,  
 And Libels none for being kind to him.  
 Then of the Lewdness of the Town complains,  
 Rails at the Wits, and Atheists, and maintains  
 'Tis better than good Sense, than Pow'r, or Wealth  
 To have a Blood untainted, Youth, and Health.  
 The unbred Puppy, who had never seen  
 A Creature look so gay, or talk so fine,  
 Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt:  
 Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient Seat,  
 To buy his Mistress a new House for Life:  
 To give her Plate, and Jewels, robs his Wife.  
 And when to th' height of Fondness he is grown,  
 'Tis time to poison him, and all's her own.

Thus



Thus, meeting in her common Arms his Fate;  
He leaves her Bastard-Heir to his Estate:

And, as the Race of such an Owl deserves,  
His own dull, lawful Progeny he starves.

Nature (that never made a thing in vain,  
But does each Insect to some End ordain)

Wisely provokes kind-keeping Fools, no doubt,  
To patch up Vices, Men of Wit wear out.

Thus she ran on Two Hours, some Grains of Sense  
Still mixt with Follies of Impertinence.

But now 'tis time I should some Pity show  
To *Cloe*, since I cannot chuse but know,

Readers must reap what dullest Writers sow.

By the next Post I will such Stories tell,

As, join'd to these, shall a Volume swell;

As true as Heav'n, more infamous than Hell.

But you are tir'd, and so am I.

*Farewel.*

# A N

Epistolary E S S A Y, from M. G. to O. B.

*Upon their Mutual P O E M S.*

*Dear Friend,*

I Hear this Town does so abound

With sawcy Censurers, that Faults are found

With what, of late, we (in Poetick Rage)

Bestowing, threw away on the dull Age.

But (howsoe'er Envy their Spleens may raise,

To rob my Brows of the deserved Bays)

Their Thanks, at least, I merit; since through me

They are Partakers of your Poetry:

And this is all I'll say in my Defence,

T'obtain one Line of your well-worded Sense,

I'll be content t' have writ the *British Prince*.

D

I'm

I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd;  
 Nor write with the vain Hope to be admir'd;  
 But from a Rule I have, (upon long Trial)  
 To avoid with Care all sort of Self-denial.  
 Which way so'er Desire and Fancy lead,  
 (Contemning Fame) that Path I boldly tread;  
 And if exposing what I take for Wit,  
 To my dear self a Pleasure I beget,  
 No matter though the ceasing Criticks fret.  
 These whom my *Muse* displeases are at Strife,  
 With equal Spleen against my Course of Life,  
 The least Delight of which I'll not forego,  
 For all the flatt'ring Praise *Man* can bestow,  
 If I design'd to please, the way were then  
 To mend my Manners, rather than my Pen:  
 The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;  
 And for the second, I despair of it,  
 Since Grace is not so hard to get as Wit.  
 Perhaps ill Verses ought to be confin'd  
 In meer Good-breeding, like unfav'ry Wind.  
 Were reading forc'd, I shou'd be apt to think,  
 Men might no more write scurvily than stink:  
 But 'tis your Choice, whether you'll read, or no.  
 If likewise of your Smelling it were so,  
 I'd Fart just as I Write, for my own Ease,  
 Nor should you be concern'd unless you please.  
 I'll own that you Write better than I do,  
 But I have as much need to Write as you.  
 What though the Excrements of my dull Brain,  
 Flows in a harsh and an insipid Strain;  
 While your rich Head eases it self of Wit.  
 Must none but *Civet-Cats* have leave to shit?  
 In all I write, should Sense, and Wit, and Rime,  
 Fail me at once, yet something so sublime  
 Shall stamp my Poem, that the World may see,  
 It could have been produc'd by none but me.  
 And that's my End; for Man can with no more,  
 Than so to write, as none e'er writ before.



Yet why am I no Poet of the Times?  
 I have *Allusions, Similies, and Rhimes,*  
 And *Wit*; or else 'tis hard that I alone,  
 Of the whole Race of *Mankind*, should have none.  
 Unequally the partial Hand of *Heav'n*,  
 Has all but this One only Blessing giv'n.  
 The World appears like a great Family,  
 Whose Lord, oppress'd with Pride and Poverty,  
 (That to a few great Bounty he may show)  
 Is fain to starve the num'rous Train below.  
 Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,  
 Keeping more Creatures than it can maintain;  
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,  
 And for one Prince it makes Ten Thousand Slaves.  
 In *Wit*, alone, 't has been magnificent,  
 Of which so just a Share to each is sent,  
 That the most Avaricious are content.  
 For none e'er thought (the due Division's such)  
 His own too little, or his Friend's too much.  
 Yet most Men show, or find, great want of *Wit*,  
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.  
 But I who am of sprightly Vigour full,  
 Look on *Mankind*, as envious, and dull.  
 Born to my self, I like my self alone;  
 And must conclude my Judgment good, or none:  
 For could my Sense be naught, how should I know  
 Whether another Man's were good or no.  
 Thus I resolve of my own Poetry,  
 That 'tis the best; and there's a Fame for me.  
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,  
 Whether to Merit due, or Arrogance?  
 Oh, but the World will take Offence hereby!  
 Why then the World shall suffer for't, not I:  
 Did e'er this sawcy World and I agree,  
 To let it have its beastly Will on me?  
 Why should my prostituted Sense be drawn,  
 To ev'ry Rule their musty Customs spawn?



But Men may censure you : 'Tis two to one  
 Whene'er they censure they'll be in the wrong.  
 There's not a thing on Earth, that I can name,  
 So foolish, and so false, as common Fame :  
 It calls the Courtier Knave ; the plain Man rude ;  
 Haughty the Grave ; and the Delightful Lewd ;  
 Impertinent the Brisk ; Morose the Sad ;  
 Mean the Familiar ; the Reserv'd one Mad.  
 Poor helpless Woman is not favour'd more,  
 She's a sly Hypocrite, or publick Whore ;  
 Then who the Devil would give this—to be free  
 From th' innocent Reproach of Infamy.  
 These things consider'd, make me ( in Despight  
 Of idle Rumour ) keep at home and Write.

A  
**SATYR *against* MANKIND.**

**W**ere I, who to my Cost already am  
 One of those strange, prodigious Creatures Man,  
 A Spirit free, to chuse for my own Share,  
 What sort of Flesh and Blood I pleas'd to wear,  
 I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,  
 Or any thing, but that vain Animal,  
 Who is so proud of being Rational.  
 The Senses are too gross ; and he'll contrive  
 A Sixth, to contradict the other Five :  
 And before certain Instinct, will prefer  
 Reason, which Fifty times for One does err.  
 Reason, an *Ignis fatuus* of the Mind,  
 Which leaves the Light of Nature, Sense, behind.  
 Pathless, and dang'rous, wand'ring ways, it takes,  
 Through Errors fenny Bogs, and thorny Brakes :  
 Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain,  
 Mountains of Whimsies, heapt in his own Brain :

Stum:

Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls headlong  
 Into Doubt's boundless Sea, where like to drown [down  
 Books bear him up a while, and make him try  
 To swim with Bladders of Philosophy:  
 In hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light,  
 The Vapour dances in his dazzled Sight,  
 Till spent, it leaves him to Eternal Night.  
 Then old Age, and Experience, Hand in Hand,  
 Lead him to Death, and make him understand,  
 After a Search so painful, and so long,  
 That all his Life he has been in the wrong.  
 Hudled in Dirt, this reasoning Engine lyes,  
 Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise:  
 Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,  
 And made him venture to be made a Wretch:  
 His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,  
 Aiming to know the World he should enjoy.  
 And *Wit* was his vain frivolous Pretence,  
 Of pleasing others at his own Expence.  
 For *Wits* are treated just like *Common Whores*;  
 First they're enjoy'd, and then kickt out of Doors.  
 The Pleasure past, a threat'ning Doubt remains,  
 That frights th' Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.  
*Women*, and *Men of Wit*, are dang'rous Tools,  
 And ever fatal to admiring Fools.  
 Pleasure allures, and when the Fops escape,  
 'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate;  
 And therefore what they fear, at Heart they hate.  
 But now, methinks, some formal Band and Beard  
 Takes me to Task; Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd:  
 Then by your Favour, any thing that's writ  
 Against this gibing, gingling knack, call'd *Wit*,  
 Likes me abundantly; but you'll take care  
 Upon this Point, not to be too severe,  
 Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this Part:  
 For I profess, I can be very smart  
 On *Wit*, which I abhor with all my Heart.



I long to lash it, in some sharp Essay,  
 But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,  
 And turns my Tide of Ink another way.  
 What Rage ferments in your degen'rate Mind,  
 To make you rail at Reason and Mankind?  
 Bless'd glorious Man, to whom alone kind Heav'n  
 An everlasting Soul hath freely giv'n;  
 Whom his great Maker took such care to make,  
 That from himself he did the Image take,  
 And this fair Frame in shining Reason dress'd,  
 To dignify his Nature above Beast.  
 Reason, by whose aspiring Influence,  
 We take a Flight beyond material Sense,  
 Dive into Mysteries, then soaring pierce  
 The flaming Limits of the Universe,  
 Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,  
 And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.

Hold, mighty Man, I cry; all this we know,  
 From the Pathetick Pen of *Ingelo*,  
 From *Patrick's* Pilgrim, *Sibb's* Soliloquies,  
 And 'tis this very Reason I despise,  
 This supernat'ral Gift, that makes a Mite  
 Think he's the Image of the Infinite;  
 Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,  
 To the Eternal, and the ever Blest;  
 This busie puzzling Stirrer up of Doubt,  
 That frames deep Mysteries, then finds 'em out,  
 Filling with frantick Crouds of thinking Fools,  
 The rev'rend Bedlams, Colleges and Schools,  
 Born on whose Wings, each heavy Sot can pierce  
 The Limits of the boundless Universe:  
 So charming Ointments make an old Witch fly,  
 And bear a crippled Carkass through the Sky.  
 'Tis this exalted Pow'r, whose Business lyes  
 In Nonsense and Impossibilities:  
 This made a whimsical Philosopher,  
 Before the spacious World his Tub prefer:

And



And we have many modern Cokcombs, who  
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.  
 But Thoughts were giv'n for Actions Government;  
 Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.  
 Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness,  
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an Afs.  
 Thus whilst against false Reasoning I inveigh,  
 I own right Reason, which I would obey;  
 That Reason, which distinguishes by Sense,  
 And gives us Rules of Good and Ill from thence;  
 That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,  
 To keep them more in Vigour, not to kill:  
 Your Reason hinders; mine helps to enjoy  
 Renewing Appetites, yours would destroy.  
 My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat:  
 Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat;  
 Perverfly yours, your Appetite does mock;  
 This asks for Food, that answers What's a Clock?

This plain Distinction, Sir, your Doubt secures;  
 'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.  
 Thus, I think Reason righted: But for Man,  
 I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.  
 For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,  
 'Tis evident Beasts are, in their Degree,  
 As Wise at least, and Better far than he.  
 Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain  
 By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim.  
 If therefore *Fowler* finds, and kills his Hare,  
 Better than *Meres* supplies Committee-Chair;  
 Though one's a Statesman, th' other but a Hound;  
*Fowler* in Justice will be wiser found.  
 You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends:  
 Look next if Human Nature makes amends;  
 Whose Principles are most gen'rous and just;  
 And to whose Morals you would sooner trust.  
 Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,  
 Which is the basest Creature, Man, or Beast:

Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other Præy;  
 But Salvage Man alone does Man betray.  
 Press'd by Necessity, *They* kill for Food;  
 Man undoes Man, to do himself no good.  
 With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, *They* hunt  
 Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want:  
 But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships, Praise,  
 Inhumanly, his Fellow's Life betrays:  
 With voluntary Pains works his Distress;  
 Not through Necessity, but Wantonness.  
 For Hunger, or for Love *They* bite or tear,  
 Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear:  
 For Fear he Arms, and is of Arms afraid;  
 From Fear to Fear successively betray'd.  
 Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passions came,  
 His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame:  
 The Lust of Pow'r, to which he's such a Slave,  
 And for the which alone he dares be brave:  
 To which his various Projects are design'd,  
 Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind:  
 For which he takes such Pains to be thought Wise,  
 And scrues his Actions, in a forc'd Disguise:  
 Leads a most tedious Life, in Misery,  
 Under laborious, mean Hypocrisie.  
 Look to the Bottom of his vast Design,  
 Wherein Man's Wisdom, Pow'r, and Glory join;  
 The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure,  
 'Tis all from Fear, to make himself secure.  
 Meerly for Safety, after Fame they thirst;  
 For all Men would be Cowards if they durst:  
 And Honesty's against all common Sense:  
 Men must be Knaves; 'tis in their own Defence,  
 Mankind's dishonest; if you think it fair,  
 Amongst known Cheats, to play upon the square,  
 You'll be undone ———  
 Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save;  
 The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.



Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,  
 Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.  
 Thus here you see what Human Nature craves,  
 Most Men are Cowards, all Men should be Knaves.  
 The Difference lyes, as far as I can see,  
 Not in the Thing it self, but the Degree;  
 And all the Subject Matter of Debate,  
 Is only who's a Knave of the First Rate.

---

## *The Maim'd Debauchee.*

1.  
**A**S some brave *Admiral*, in former War  
 Depriv'd of Force, but prest with Courage still,  
 Two Rival Fleets appearing from afar,  
 Crawls to the Top of an adjacent Hill.

2.  
 From whence (with Thoughts of full Concern) he views  
 The wise and daring Conduct of the Fight:  
 And each bold Action to his Mind renews,  
 His present Glory, and his past Delight.

3.  
 From his fierce Eyes Flashes of Rage he throws,  
 As from black Clouds when Lightning breaks away;  
 Transported thinks himself amidst his Foes,  
 And absent, yet enjoys the bloody Day.

4.  
 So when my Days of Impotence approach  
 And I'm by Love and Wine's unlucky chance  
 Driv'n from the pleasing Billows of Debauch,  
 On the dull Shore of lazy Temperance.

5.  
 My Pains at last some Respite shall afford,  
 While I behold the Battels you maintain;  
 When Fleets of Glaffes sail around the Board,  
 From whose Broad-sides Volleys of Wit shall rain.

6. Nor



6.

Nor shall the fight of honourable Scars,  
Which my too forward Valour did procure,  
Frighten new-listed Soldiers from the Wars,  
Past Joys have more than paid what I endure.

7.

Should some brave Youth (worth being drunk) prove  
And from his fair Inviter meanly shrink, [nice,  
'Twould please the Ghost of my departed Vice,  
If, at my Counsel, he repent and drink.

8.

Or should some cold-complexion'd Sot forbid,  
With his dull Morals, our Nights brisk Alarms;  
I'll fire his Blood, by telling what I did  
When I was strong, and able to bear Arms.

9.

I'll tell of Whores attack'd their Lords at home,  
Bawds Quarters beaten up, and Fortrefs won;  
Windows demolish'd, Watches overcome,  
And handsome Ills by my Contrivance done.

10.

With Tales like these I will such Heat inspire,  
As to important Mischief shall incline;  
I'll make him long some ancient Church to fire,  
And fear no Lewdness they're call'd to by Wine.

11.

Thus Statesman like I'll saucily impose,  
And, safe from Danger, valiantly advise;  
Shelter'd in Impotence urge you to Blows,  
And, being good for nothing else, be Wise.

Upon

## Upon Nothing.

**N**othing! thou Elder Brother ev'n to Shade,  
That hadst a Being e'er the Word was made,  
And (well fixt) art alone, of Ending not afraid.

E'er Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,  
When Primitive *Nothing* something streight begot,  
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

Something, the gen'ral Attribute of all,  
Sever'd from thee, its sole Original,  
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish fall.

Yet Something did thy mighty Pow'r command,  
And from thy fruitful Emptiness's Hand,  
Snatch'd Men, Beasts, Birds, Fire, Air and Land.

Matter, the wickedst Off-spring of thy Race,  
By Form assisted, flew from thy Embrace,  
And Rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky Face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;  
Body, thy Foe, with thee did Leagues combine,  
To spoil thy peaceful Realm, and ruin all thy Line.

But Turn-coat Time assists the Foe in vain,  
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd Reign,  
And to thy hungry Womb drives back thy Slaves again.

Tho' Mysteries are barr'd from Laick Eyes,  
And the Divine alone, with Warrant, pries  
Into thy Bosom, where the Truth in private lyes.

9.

Yet this of thee the Wise may freely say,  
Thou from the Virtuous nothing tak'st away,  
And to be part with thee the Wicked wisely pray.

10.

Great Negative, how vainly would the Wise  
Enquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?  
Didst thou not stand to point their dull Philosophies!

11.

Is, or *is not*, the Two great Ends of Fate,  
And true or false, the Subject of Debate,  
That perfect, or destroy, the vast Designs of Fate.

12.

When they have rack'd the *Politician's* Breast,  
Within thy Bosom most securely rest,  
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

13.

But, *Nothing*, why does *Something* still permit,  
That Sacred Monarchs should at Council sit,  
With Persons highly thought at best for nothing fit.

14.

Whil'st weighty *Something* modestly abstains  
From Princes Coffers, and from Statesmens Brains,  
And Nothing there like stately *Nothing* reigns.

15.

*Nothing*, who dwell'st with Fools in grave Disguise,  
For whom they rev'rend Shapes, and Forms devise,  
Lawn Sleeves, and Furs, and Gowns, when they like  
[thee look Wise.

16.

*French* Truth, *Dutch* Prowess, *British* Policy,  
*Hibernian* Learning, *Scotch* Civility,  
*Spaniards* Dispatch, *Danes* Wit, are mainly seen in thee.

17.

The Great Man's Gratitude to his best Friend,  
Kings Promises, Whores Vows, tow'rds thee they bend,  
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

*Lucre-*



*Lucretius*, in his First BOOK,  
has these Lines.

**O**mnis enim per se Divum Natura necesse est  
Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur,  
Semota ab nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe.  
Nam privata dolore omni, privata periculis,  
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,  
Nec bene pro Meritis capitur, nec tangitur Ira.

Thus Translated.

**T**HE Gods, by Right of Nature, must possess  
An everlasting Age of perfect Peace:  
Far off remov'd from us and our Affairs;  
Neither approach'd by Dangers, or by Cares:  
Rich in themselves, to whom we cannot add:  
Not pleas'd by Good Deeds; nor provok'd by Bad.

E L E

## ELEGIA IX.

Ovidii Amorum. Lib. 2.

Ad Cupidinem.

**O** Nunquam pro me satis indignate Cupido,  
 O in corde meo desidiose Puer!  
 Quid me, qui miles nunquam tua signa reliqui,  
 Lædis? & in Castris vulneror ipse tuis?  
 Cur tua Fax urit, figit tuus arcus Amicos?  
 Gloria pugnantes vincere major erat.  
 Quid? non Æmonius, quem cuspide perculit, Heros,  
 Confossam medica post modo iuvit ope?  
 Venator sequitur fugientia, capta relinquit:  
 Semper & inventis ulteriora petit.  
 Nos tua sentimus, populus tibi deditus, arma:  
 Pigra reluctanti cessat in Hoste manus.  
 Quid juvat in Nudis hamata recondere tela  
 Ossibus? Ossa mihi nuda relinquit Amor.  
 Tot sine amore viri, tot sunt sine amore puellæ:  
 Hinc tibi cum magna laude triumphus eat.  
 Roma, Nisi immensum Vires promovisset in Urbem,  
 Stramineis esset tunc quoque densa casis.  
 Fessus in acceptos Miles deducitur agros;  
 Tutæque deposito poscitur ense rudis:  
 Longaque subductam celant navalia Pinum:  
 Mittitur in saltus carcere liber equus.  
 Me quoque, qui toties merui sub amore puellas,  
 Defunctum placidè vivere Tempus erat.  
 Vive, Deus posito siquis mihi dicat amore,  
 Deprecher; usque aded dulce puella malum est.  
 Cum bene partæsum est, animique revanuit ardor,  
 Nescio quo misera turbine mentis agor.

## The Ninth E L E G Y,

I N T H E

*Second Book of Ovid's Amours, Translated.**To L O V E.*

**O** Love! how cold and slow to take my Part?  
 Thou idle Wanderer about my Heart:  
 Why, thy old faithful Soldier wilt thou see  
 Oppress'd in thy own Tents? They murder me:  
 Thy *Flames* consume, thy *Arrows* pierce thy Friends:  
 Rather on Foes pursue more Noble Ends.  
*Achilles* Sword would certainly bestow  
 A Cure, as certain as it gave the Blow.  
 Hunters, who follow flying Game, give o'er  
 When the Prey's caught, Hopes still lead on before.  
 We thine own Slaves feel thy Tyrannick Blows,  
 Whilst thy tame Hand's unmov'd against thy Foes.  
 On Men disarm'd, how can you gallant prove?  
 And I was long ago disarm'd by Love.  
 Millions of dull Men live, and scornful Maids:  
 We'll own Love valiant when he these invades:  
*Rome* from each Corner of the wide World snatch'd  
 A Laurel, or 't had been to this Day thatch'd.  
 But the old Soldier has his resting Place;  
 And the good batter'd Horse is turn'd to Grass:  
 The harras'd Whore, who liv'd a Wretch to please,  
 Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her Ease.  
 For me then, who have truly spent my Blood  
 (Love) in thy Service; and so boldly stood  
 In *Calia's* Trenches; were't not wisely done,  
 Ev'n to retire, and live in Peace at home?  
 No—might I gain a *Godhead* to disclaim  
 My glorious Title to my endless Flame:

Divi-



Ut rapit in præceps dominum, spumantia frustra  
 Fræna retentantem, durior oris equus;  
 Ut subitus propè jam pressâ tellure carinam,  
 Tangentem portus ventra in alta rapit;  
 Sic me sæpe refert incerta Cupidinis aura:  
 Notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.  
 Fige puer; positis nudus tibi præbeor armis;  
 Hic tibi sunt vires, hic tua dextra valet.  
 Huc tanquam jussa veniant jam sponte sagittæ;  
 Vix ullis præ me nota pharetra tua est.  
 Infelix, totâ quicunque quiescere nocte  
 Sustinet, & somnus præmia magna vocat.  
 Stulte, quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago?  
 Longa quiescendi tempora fata dabunt.  
 Me modò decipiant voces fallacis amicæ:  
 Sperando certè gaudia magna feram.  
 Et modò blanditias dicat: modò jurgia nectat;  
 Sæpe fruar dominâ; sæpe repulsus eam.  
 Quidâ dubius Mars est, per te privigne Cupido est:  
 Et movet exemplo vitricus arma tuo.  
 Tu levis es, multoque tuis ventosior alis;  
 Gaudiaque ambigua dasque negasque fide:  
 Si tamen exaudis pulchrâ cum matre Cupido;  
 Indeferta meo pectore regna gere.  
 Accedant regno nimium vaga turba puellæ;  
 Ambobus populis sic venerandus eris.

The

Divinity with scorn I would forswear:  
 Such sweet, dear tempting Devils *Women* are.  
 Whene'er those Flames grow faint, I quickly find  
 A fierce, black Storm pour down upon my Mind:  
 Headlong I'm hurl'd, like Horsemen, who, in vain,  
 Their (Fury-flaming) coursers would restrain.  
 As Ships, just when the Harbour they attain,  
 Are snatch'd by sudden Blasts to Sea again:  
 So Love's fantastick Storms reduce my Heart  
 Half rescu'd, and the God resumes his Dart.  
 Strike here, this undefended Bosom wound,  
 And for so brave a Conquest be renown'd.  
 Shafts fly so fast to me from ev'ry part,  
 You'll scarce discern the Quiver from my Heart.  
 What Wretch can bear a live-long Nights dull Rest,  
 Or think himself in lazy Slumbers blest?  
 Fool——is not Sleep the Image of pale Death?  
 There's time for Rest, when Fate hath stopt your Breath.  
 Me may my soft deluding Dear deceive;  
 I'm happy in my Hopes while I believe.  
 Now let her Flatter, then as fondly Chide:  
 Often may I enjoy; oft be deny'd.  
 With doubtful Steps the God of War does move  
 By the Example, in ambiguous Love.  
 Blown to and fro like Down from thy own Wings;  
 Who knows when Joy or Anguish thou wilt bring,  
 Yet at thy Mother's and thy Slaves Request,  
 Fix an Eternal Empire in my Breast:  
 And let th' inconstant, charming Sex,  
 Whose wilful Scorn does Lovers vex,  
 Submit their Hearts before thy Throne:  
 The Vassal World is then thy own.

THE  
CHORUS of the Second Act  
OF  
SENECA'S TROAS,

Concludes with these Lines.

**P**OST mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil,  
*Velocis spacii meta novissima.*

*Spem ponant avidi; solliciti metum.*

*Quæris quo jaceas post obitum loco?*

*Quo non nata jacent.*

*Tempus nos avidum devorat, & chaos.*

*Mors individua est noxia corpori,*

*Nec parcens animæ. Tænara, & aspero*

*Regnum sub domino, limen & obsidens*

*Custos non facili Cerberus ostio,*

*Rumores vacui, verbaque inania,*

*Et par sollicito februla somnio.*

To



The latter End of the

# CHORUS of the Second Act

OF  
Seneca's Troas, Translated.

**A**fter Death nothing is, and nothing Death;  
The utmost Limits of a Gasp of Breath;  
Let the ambitious Zealot lay aside  
His Hope of Heav'n; (whose Faith is but his Pride)  
Let slavish Souls lay by their Fear,  
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,  
After this Life they shall be hurl'd:  
Dead, we become the Lumber of the World;  
And to that mass of Matter shall be swept,  
Where things destroy'd, with things unborn are kept;  
Devouring Time swallows us whole,  
Impartial Death confounds Body and Soul.

For Hell, and the foul Fiend that rules

The everlasting fiery Goals,  
Devis'd by Rogues, dreaded by Fools,  
With his grim griesly Dog that keeps the Door,  
Are senseless Stories, idle Tales,  
Dreams, Whimsies, and no more.

# To His Sacred MAJESTY, on His Restoration, in the Year 1660.

(Written at Twelve Years old.)

Virtue's Triumphant Shrine ! who do'st engage  
At once Three Kingdoms in a Pilgrimage;  
Which in extatick Duty strive to come  
Out of themselves, as well as from their home :  
Whilst *England* grows one Camp, and *London* is  
It self the Nation, not Metropolis;  
And Royal *Kent* renews her Arts again,  
Fencing her Ways with moving Groves of Men ;  
Forgive this distant Homage, which does meet  
Your bless'd Approach on sedentary Feet :  
And though my Youth, not patient yet to bear  
The Weight of Arms, denies me to appear  
In Steel before you ; yet, Great SIR, approve  
My manly Wishes, and more vig'rous Love ;  
In whom a cold Respect were Treason to  
A Father's Ashes, greater than to You ;  
Whose one Ambition 'tis for to be known,  
By daring Loyalty, your *Wilmot's* Son.

*Rocheſter. Wadb. Coll.*

## In Obit. Seren. *Mariæ* Princip. *Auran.*

**I**mpia blasphemi ſileant concilia vulgi :  
Absolvo concilios, innocuamque manum.  
Curaffent alios facili medicamine Morbos :  
Ulcera cum veniunt, Ars nihil ipſa valet.  
Vultu femineo quævis vel puſtula vulnus  
Letale eſt, pulchras certior enſe necat.  
Mollis vel ſemeret ſi quando miſior ora,  
Evadat forſan femina, Diva nequat.  
Cui per eſt Animæ Corpus, quæ tota veniſſas,  
Formæ qui potis eſt, hæc ſuperelle ſua ?

*Johan. Comes Roſſen. & Coll. Wadb.*

To Her Sacred MAJESTY,  
the QUEEN-MOTHER, on the  
Death of MARY, Princess of Orange.

(Written at Twelve Years old.)

**R** Esplie, Great Queen, your just and hasty Feats!  
There's no Infection lodges in our Tears.  
Though our unhappy Air be arm'd with Death,  
Yet Sighs have an untainted guiltless Breath.  
Oh! Itay a while, and teach your equal Skill  
To understand, and to support our Ill.  
You that in mighty Wrongs an Age have spent,  
And seem'd to have out-liv'd ev'n Banishment;  
Whom trait'rous Mischief sought its earliest Prey,  
When to most Sacred Blood it made its way;  
And did thereby its black Design impart,  
To take his Head, that wounded first his Heart:  
You that unmov'd Great *Charles* his Ruin stood,  
When Three Great Nations sunk beneath the Load;  
Then a young Daughter lost, yet Balsam found  
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding Wound;  
And, after this, with fixt and stedd' Eyes  
Beheld your Noble *Gloucester's* Obsequies:  
And then sustain'd the Royal *Princess's* Fall;  
You only can lament her Funeral.  
But you will hence remove, and leave behind  
Our sad Complaints lost in the empty Wind;  
Those Winds that bid you stay, and loudly rore  
Destruction, and drive back to the firm Shore;  
Shipwreck to Safety, and the Envy fly,  
Of sharing in this Scene of Tragedy.  
While Sicknes, from whose Rage you post away,  
Relents, and only now contrives your Stay:



The lately fatal and infectious Ill  
 Courts the Fair Princess, and forgets to kill.  
 In vain on Fevers Curses we dispense,  
 And vent our Passion's angry Eloquence;  
 In vain we blast the Ministers of Fate,  
 And the forlorn Physicians imprecate;  
 Say they to Death new Poisons add and Fire;  
 Murder securely for Reward and Hire;  
 Art's Basilisks, that kill whom e'er they see,  
 And truly Write Bills of Mortality:  
 Who, lest the bleeding Corps should them betray,  
 First drain those Vital speaking Streams away.  
 And will you, by your Flight, take part with these?  
 Become your self a Third, and new Diseas'd  
 If they have caus'd our Loss, then so have you,  
 Who take your self and the Fair Princess too.  
 For we depriv'd, an equal Damage have  
 When France doth ravish hence, as when the Grave  
 But that your Choice the Unkindness doth improve,  
 And Dereliction adds to your Remove.

ROCHESTER,

of Wadham College.

## AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,  
*That 'tis still better to be pleas'd, than not;*  
 And therefore never their own Torment plot  
 While the malicious Criticks still agree,  
 To loath each Play they come and pay to see.  
 The first know 'tis a meaner part of Sense  
 To find a fault; than taste an Excellence:  
 Therefore they praise, and strive to like, while these  
 Are dully vain of being hard to please.

Poets

Poets and Women have an equal Right  
 To hate the Dull, who dead to all Delight,  
 Feel Pain alone, and have no Joy but Spight.  
 'Twas Impotence did first this Vice begin,  
 Fools censure Wit, as old Men rail at Sin:  
 Who envy Pleasure which they cannot taste,  
 And good for nothing, would be wise at last.  
 Since therefore to the Women it appears,  
 That all the Enemies of Wit are theirs:  
 Our Poet the dull Herd no longer fears.  
 Whate'er his Fate may prove, 'twill be his Pride  
 To stand, or fall, with Beauty on his Side.

## EPILOGUE.

AS Charms are Nonsense, Nonsense seems a Charm,  
 Which Hearers of all Judgment does disarm;  
 For Songs, and Scenes, a double Audience bring,  
 And Doggrel takes, which *Smiths* in Sattin sing,  
 Now to Machines, and a dull Mask you run,  
 We find that Wit's the Monster you would shun,  
 And by my Troth 'tis most discreetly done.  
 For since with Vice and Folly Wit is fed,  
 Through Mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.  
 Players turn Puppets now at your Desire,  
 In their Mouth's Nonsense, in their Tail's a Wire,  
 They fly through Clouds of Clouts, and Show'rs of  
 A kind of losing *Leadum* in their Game, [Fire  
 Where the worst Writer has the greatest Fame.  
 To get vile Plays like theirs, shall be our care;  
 But of such *awkward* Actors we despair.  
 False taught at first ———  
 Like Bowls ill bias'd, still the more they run,  
 They're further off, than when they first begun.  
 In Comedy their unweigh'd Action mark,  
 There's one in such a dear familiar Spark,  
 He yawns as if he were but half awake;  
 And fribling for free speaking, does *mistake*;



False Accent, and neglectful Action too.  
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,  
 That both together, like an Ape's Mock-face,  
 By near resembling Man, do Man disgrace.  
 Through-pac'd ill Actors may, perhaps be cur'd;  
 Half Players, like half Wits, can't be endur'd.  
 Yet these are they, who durst expose the Age  
 Of the great Wonder of the *English Stage*. [Major Mohun,  
 Whom Nature seem'd to form for your Delight,  
 And bid him speak, as she bid *Shakespear* Write.  
 Those Blades indeed are Cripples in their Art,  
 Mimick his Foot, but not his speaking Part.  
 Let them the *Traitor*, or *Volpone* try;  
 Could they——

Rage like *Cethegus*, or like *Cassius* die,  
 They ne'er had sent to *Paris* for such Fancies,  
 As Monsters Heads and Merry-*Andrew's* Dances.  
 Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd we appear,  
 But they were blighted, and ne'er came to bear.  
 Th' old Poets dress'd your Mistress Wit before,  
 These draw you on with an old painted Whore, [o'er.  
 And sell, like Bawds, patch'd Plays for Maids twice }  
 Yet they may scorn our House and Actors too,  
 Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.  
 They cry, Pox o'these *Covent-Garden* Men,  
 Damn 'em, not one of them but keeps out Ten,  
 Were they once gone, we for those thund'ring Blades  
 Should have an Audience of substantial Trades,  
 Who love our muzzled Boys, and tearing Fellows,  
*My Lord*, great Neptune, and great Nephew *Æolus*.  
 O how the merry Citizen's in Love  
 With——

*Psyche*, —be Goddess of each Field and Grove.  
 He cries I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;  
 But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd Stuff.  
 So to their House the graver Fops repair,  
 While Men of Wit find one another here.



A

## P R O L O G U E,

Spoken at the Court at *White-Hall*, before  
King *CHARLES II.**By the Lady Elizabeth Howard.*

**W**IT has of late took up a Trick t' appear  
 Unmannerly, or at the best, severe:  
 And Poets share the Fate by which we fall,  
 When kindly we attempt to please you all.  
 'Tis hard your Scorn should against such prevail,  
 Whose Ends are to divert you, tho' they fail.  
 You Men would think it an ill-natur'd Jest,  
 Should we laugh at you when you do your best.  
 Then rail not here; though you see Reason for't;  
 If Wit can find it self no better Sport,  
 Wit is a very foolish thing at Court.  
 Wit's Business is to please, and not to fright;  
 'Tis no Wit to be always in the Right;  
 You'll find it none, who dare be so to Night.  
 Few so ill-bred will venture to a Play,  
 Ty spy out Faults, in what we Women say.  
 For us, no matter what we speak, but how:  
 How kindly can we say——*I bate you now?*  
 And for the Men, if you'll laugh at 'em, do;  
 They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind you.  
 But why do I descend to lose a Pray'r  
 On those small Saints in Wit? the God sits there.

*To the KING.*

To you (Great SIR.) my Message hither tends,  
 From Youth, and Beauty, your Allies and Friends.  
 See my Credentials written in my Face.  
 They challenge your Protection in this Place;

And

And hither come with such a Force of Charms,  
 As may give Check ev'n to your prosp'rous Arms.  
 Millions of *Cypids* hov'ring in the Rear,  
 Like Eagles following fatal Troops, appear:  
 All waiting for the Slaughter which draws nigh,  
 Of those bold Gazers who this Night must die.  
 Nor can You 'scape our soft Captivity,  
 From which Old Age alone must set You free.  
 Then tremble at the Fatal Consequence,  
 Since 'tis well known, for your own part, *Great Prince,*  
 'Gainst us you still have made a weak Defence.  
 Be generous and wise, and take our Part:  
 Remember we have Eyes, and You a Heart;  
 Else You may find, too late, that we are Things  
 Born to kill Vassals, and to conquer Kings.  
 But oh, to what vain Conquest I pretend!  
 While *Love* is our Commander, and your Friend.  
 Our Victory Your Empire more assures;  
 For Love will ever make the Triumph Yours.

---

*To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and Others,  
Whether of City, Town, or Country,*

**ALEXANDER BENDO**

*Wisheth all Health and Prosperity.*

**W**Hereas this Famous *Metropolis* of *England*,  
(and were the Endeavours of its worthy  
Inhabitants equal to their Power, Merit, and Vir-  
tue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short  
time, the *Metropolis* of the whole *World* :) Where-  
as this City (as most great ones are) has ever been  
infested with a numerous Company of such, whose  
Arrogant Confidence, backing their Ignorance, has  
enabled them to impose upon the People, either pre-  
meditated Cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull, and  
empty Mistakes of their self-deluded Imaginations  
in Physick, Chymical, and Galenick, in Astrology,  
Physiognomy, Palmestry, Mathematicks, Alchymy,  
and even in Government it self; the last of which,  
I will not propose to Discourse of, or meddle at all  
in, since it no ways belongs to my Trade or Voca-  
tion, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I  
find much more safe; I think equally Honest, and  
therefore more Profitable: But as to all the former,  
they have been so erroneously practis'd by many  
unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness  
for



for the most part, (if not the restless Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, though originally the Products of the most Wise Mens laborious Studies and Experiences; and by them left a wealthy and glorious Inheritance for Ages to come; seem by this Bastard-Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stock'd, and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errors, and Deceits, such as in the Management of these Idle Professors indeed they were.

You will therefore (I hope) *Gentlemen, Ladies, and Others*, deem it but just, that I, who for some Years have, with all Faithfulness and Assiduity, courted these Arts, and receiv'd such signal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets, should, with an Earnestness and Concern more than ordinary, take their Parts against those impudent Fops, whose saucy, impertinent Addresses and Pretensions have brought such Scandal upon their most immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul Play my self, I would have given you so fair warning by my severe Observations upon others. *Qui alterum in-cusat probri, ipsum se intuerit oportet*, Plaut. However, *Gentlemen*, in a World like this (where Virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisie so generally taken notice of, that every one, arm'd with Suspi-

Suspensions, stands upon his Guard against it ) 'twill be very hard, for a Stranger especially, to escape a Censure.

All I shall say for my self on this Score, is this : If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the sake of that chiefly, ought I to be construed a true Man, who is the Counterfeits Example, his Original, and that which he employs his Industry and Pains to imitate and copy : Is it therefore my Fault, if the Cheat by his Wits and Endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling of him ? Consider, pray, the Valiant and the Coward ; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt ; the Politician, and the Fool ; they are the same in many things, and differ but in *one* alone. The Valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it : So does the Coward ; one only Point of Honour, and that's Courage, (which, like false Metal, one only Trial can discover ) makes the Distinction.

The Bankrupt walks the *Exchange*, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst Paper and Credit are current Coin : That which makes the Difference is real Cash, a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last found out, and 'till then the least perceiv'd.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man : Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying Fools ? If then the Difference betwixt all these (though infinite in Effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false Physician,

an, Astrologer, &c. and the true? The first calls himself Learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Physick and Counsel, tells and foretels; the other is bound to do just as much; 'tis only your Experience must distinguish betwixt them, to which I willingly submit my self: I'll only say something to the Honour of the Mountebank, in case you discover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis: He is one then who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft: He draws great Companies to him, by undertaking strange things which can never be effected.

The Politician (by his Example, no doubt) finding how the People are taken with specious, miraculous Impossibilities, plays the same Game, protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he's sure can ne'er be brought about: The People believe, are deluded, and pleas'd, the Expectation of a future Good, which shall never befall them, draws their Eyes off of a present Evil. Thus are *They* kept and establish'd in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; *He* in Greatness, Wealth, and Power: So you see the *Politician* is, and must be a *Mountebank* in State-Affairs, and the *Mountebank* (no doubt if he thrives) is an arrant *Politician* in Physick.

But, that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly at this time to serve my Country.

First, I will, by the Leave of God, perfectly cure that *Labes Britannica*, or Grand *English* Disease, the

Scurvy,



Scurvy, and that with such Ease to my *Patient*, that he shall not be sensible of the least Inconvenience whilst I steal his Distemper from him; I know there are many who treat this Disease with *Mercury, Antimony, Spirits, and Salts*, being dangerous Remedies, in which I shall meddle very little, and with great Caution, but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines, together with the Observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the *Patient*, having freed him from all the Symptoms, as Looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains and Lassitude in the Limbs and Joints, especially the Legs. And, to say truth, there are few Distempers in this Nation that are not, or at least proceed not, originally from the Scurvy; which were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it of all those who shall come into my Hands) there would not be heard of so many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies, and Consumptions: Nay, even those thick and slimy Humours which generate Stones in the Kidnies and Bladder, are for the most part Off-springs of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant Race; but those who Address themselves here, shall be still inform'd by me in the Natures of their Distempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: So will all reasonable People be satisfy'd, that I Treat them with Care, Honesty and Understanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocation rather mysterious than useful and Satisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Diseases and Distempers; it behoves a *Physician*, I am sure, to understand

understand them all : But if any one come to me (as I think there are very few have escap'd my *Practice*) I shall not be asham'd to own to my *Patient*, where I find my self to seek, and at least he shall be secure with me from having Experiments try'd upon him ; a Privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the Hands of the Grand Doctors of the Court and Town, or in those of the lesser Quacks and Mountebanks. It is thought fit, that I assure you of great Secresie, as well as Care in Diseases, where it is requisite, whether Veneral, or other ; as some peculiar to Women, the Green-Sickness, Weaknesses, Inflammations, or Obstructions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver, Spleen, &c. (For I would put no Word in my Bill that bears any unclean Sound ; it is enough that I make my self understood ; I have seen Physician's Bills as Bawdy as *Aretine's* Dialogues, which no Man that walks warily before God can approve of.) But I cure all Suffocations in those Parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, Nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents, not fit to be set down here, persuading young Women very often that their *Hearts* are like to break for Love, when, God knows, the Distemper lyes far enough from that Place.

Likewise Barrenness, proceeding from any accidental Cause, as it often falls out, and no natural Defect ; ( for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restor'd, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it.) Cures of this kind I have done signal and many, for the which I doubt not but I have  
the



the good Wishes and hearty Prayers of many Families, who had else pin'd out their Days under the deplorable and reproachful Misfortunes of Barren Wombs, leaving plentiful Estates and Possessions, to be inherited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiognomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise, (Palmistry I have not Faith in, because there can be no Reason alledg'd for it) my own Experience has convinc'd me more of their considerable Effects, and marvellous Operations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themselves.

I say, my own Practice has convinc'd me more, than all the Sage and Wise Writings extant of those Matters: For I might say this for my self, (did it not look like Ostentation) that I have very seldom fail'd in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice; how far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be deliver'd in Print.

Those who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample Satisfaction.

Nor will I be ashamed to set down here my willingness to practise rare Secrets, (though somewhat collateral to my Profession) for the Help, Conversation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness: A thing created at first by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for the better Establishment of mutual Love between Man and Wo-



man : God had bestow'd on Man the Power of Strength and Wisdom, and thereby render'd Woman liable to the Subjection of his Absolute Will ; It seem'd but requisite, that she should be indu'd likewise in Recompence, with some Quality, that might beget in him Admiration of her, and so enforce his Tenderness and Love.

The Knowledge of these Secrets I gather'd in my Travels abroad (where I have spent my Time ever since I was Fifteen Years Old, to this my Nine and Twentieth Year) in *France* and *Italy*. Those that have travell'd in *Italy*, will tell you to what a Miracle Art does there assist Nature in the Preservation of Beauty ; How VVomen of Forty bear the same Countenance with those of Fifteen ; Ages are no way distinguish'd by Faces : Whereas here in *England*, look a Horse in the mouth, and a Woman in the Face, you presently know both their Ages to a Year. I will therefore give you such Remedies, that without destroying your Complexion (as most of your Paints and Dawbings do) shall render them purely Fair, clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, and Pimples, any Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental ones, so the Face be not seam'd or scarr'd.

I will also preserve and cleanse your Teeth, white and round as Pearls, fastning them that are loose, your Gums shall be kept entire, and red as Coral, your Lips of the same Colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses.

I will likewise Administer that which shall cure the worst of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally perish'd

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perish'd, and imposthumed; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose Breaths are yet untainted, so that nothing but either a very long Sickness, or Old Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I will besides (if it be desir'd) take away from their Fatness who have overmuch, and add Flesh to those that want it, without the least Detriment to their Constitutions.

Now should *Galen* himself look out of his Grave, and tell me these were Bawbles below the Profession of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, That I take more Glory in preserving God's Image in its unblemish'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I should do in patching up all the decay'd Carcasses in the World.

They that will do me the Favour to come to me, shall be sure from Three of the Clock in the Afternoon, 'till Eight at Night, at my Lodgings in *Tower-Street*, next Door to the Sign of the *Black Swan*, at a *Goldsmith's* House, to find

*Their Humble Servant,*

Alexander Bendo.

perish'd; and impossibled; as also certain and in-  
fallible Remedies for those whose Breasts are yet un-  
tainted, to that nothing but either a very long Sick-  
ness, or Old Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil  
them.

I will bedes (if it be desired) take away from their  
Livers who have overmuch, and add flesh to those  
that want it, without any less Discomfort to their  
Constitutions.

Now should Gales himself look out of his Grave,  
and tell us these were Fables below the Profession  
of a Physician, I would boldly answer him, That  
I take more Glory in preserving Gods Image in us,  
unblemish'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I  
should do in patching up all the decay'd Countenances in  
the World.

They that will do me the Favour to come to me,  
shall be late from Thrice of the Clock in the After-  
noon, till Eight at Night at my Lodgings in York-  
street, next Door to the sign of the Black Swan, at  
a Goldsmiths House, to find

Alexander Bendo

Alexander Bendo



**Valentinian :**  
**A**  
**TRAGEDY.**

Acted at the  
**THEATRE-ROYAL.**

---

Written by  
**JOHN, late Earl of Rochester.**

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**L O N D O N:**

Printed by *H. Hills*, in the Year 1709.

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# PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Cook, the First Day.

Written by Mrs. B E H N.

WITH that Assurance we to Day Address,  
As Standard Beauties, certain of Success,  
With careless Pride, at once they charm and vex,  
And scorn the little Censures of their Sex.  
Sure of the unregarded Spoil, despise  
The needless Affectation of the Eyes,  
The softning Languishment that faintly warms,  
But trust alone to their resistless Charms,  
So we, secur'd by undisputed Wit,  
Disdain the damning Malice of the Pit.  
Nor need false Arts to set great Nature off,  
Or study'd Tricks to force the Clap and Laugh  
To would-be-Criticks, ye are all undone,  
For here's no Theme for you to work upon.  
'Faith seem to talk to Jenny, I advise,  
Of who like's who, and how Love's Markers rise.  
Try, these hard Times, how to abate the Price;  
Tell her how cheap were Damfels on the Ice.  
'Mongst City Wives and Daughters that came when,  
How far a Guinea went at \*Blanket Fair. The Fair on the Thames  
Thus you may find some good Excuse for failing on the Thames  
Of your beloved Exercise of Railing.  
That when Friend cries—How did the Play succeed?  
Deme, I hardly minded—what they did.  
We shall not your ill-nature please to Day,  
With some fond Scribler's new uncertain Play,  
Loose as vain Youth, and tedious as dull Age,  
Or Love and Honour that o'er-runs the Stage.



Fam'd and substantial Authors give this Treat,  
And 'twill be Solemn, Noble all, and Great.  
Wit, sacred Wit, is all the Bus'ness here,  
Great Fletcher, and the greater Rochester.

Now name the hardy Man one Fault dares find  
In the vast Work of Two such Hero's join'd.

None but great Strephon's soft and pow'rful Wit,  
Durst undertake to mend what Fletcher writ.  
Diff'rent their heav'nly Notes; yet both agree  
To make an everlasting Harmony.

Listen, ye Virgins, to his charming Song,  
Eternal Musick dwelt upon his Tongue.

The Gods of Love and Wit inspir'd his Pen,  
And Love and Beauty was his glorious Theme.

Now, Ladies, you may celebrate his Name,  
Without a Scandal on your spotless Fame.

With Praise his dear-lov'd Memory pursue,  
And pay his Death what to his Life was due.

## PROLOGUE to *Valentinian*. Spoken by Mrs. Cook, the Second Day.

'T IS not your Easiness to give Applause,  
This long-hid Jewel into Publick draws:  
Our matchless Author, who to Wit gave Rules,  
Scorns Praise, that has been prostitute to Fools,  
To factions Favour, the sole Prop and Fence  
Of Hackney-Scriblers, he quits all Pretence,  
And for their Flatt'ries brings you Truth and Sense.  
Things we our selves confess to be unfit  
For such Side-Boxes, and for such a Pit.  
To the Fair Sex some Compliment were due,  
Did they not slight themselves in liking you;  
How can they here for Judges be thought fit,  
Who daily your soft Nonsense take for Wit;

Do on your ill-brad Noise for Humour doat,  
 And chuse the Man by the Embroider'd Coat;  
 Our Author lov'd the Youthful and the Fair,  
 But ev'n in those their Follies could not spare;  
 Bid them discreetly use their present Store,  
 Be Friends to Pleasure, when they please no more;  
 Desir'd the Ladies of maturer Ages,  
 If some remaining Spark their Hearts enrages,  
 At home to quench their Embers with their Pages,  
 Pert, patch'd and painted, there to spend their Days;  
 Nor crowd the Fronts of Boxes at New Plays:  
 Advis'd young sighing Fools to be more pressing,  
 And Fops of Forty to give over Dressing.  
 By this he got the Envy of the Age,  
 No Fury's like a libell'd Blockhead's Rage.  
 Hence some despis'd him for his want of Wit,  
 And others said he too obscenely writ.  
 Dull niceness, envious of Mankind's Delight,  
 Abortive Pang of Vanity and Spite!  
 It shows a Master's Hand, 'twas Virgil's Praise,  
 Things low and abject to adorn and raise,  
 The Sun on Dunghils shining is as bright,  
 As when his Beams the fairest Flow'rs invite,  
 But all weak Eyes are hurt by too much Light.  
 Let then these Owls against the Eagle preach, [reach.  
 And blame those Flights which they want Wing to  
 Like Falstaffe let them conquer Heroes dead,  
 And praise Greek Poets they could never read.  
 Criticks should Personal Quarrels lay aside,  
 The Poet from the Enemy divide.  
 'Twas Charity that made our Author Write,  
 For your Instruction 'tis we Act to Night;  
 For sure no Age was ever known before.  
 Wanting an Acius and Lucina more.



# PROLOGUE

Intended for *Valentinian*,

To be Spoken by Mrs. BARRER

NOW would you have me rail, swell, and look big,  
Like rampant Tory over couchant Whig.  
As spit-fire Bubbies swagger, swear and rear,  
And brandish Bilbo, when the Fray is o'er.  
Must we huff on, when we're oppos'd by none?  
But Poets are most force, on those who're down.  
Shall I jeer Popish Plots that once did fright us,  
And with most bitter Bobs taunt little Titus?  
Or with sharp Stile on sneaking Trimmers fall,  
Who civilly themselves Prudential call?  
Tet Wittings to true Wits as soon may rise,  
As a Prudential Man can e'er be Wise.  
No, even the worst of all, yet I will spare  
The nauseous Floater, changeable as Air,  
A nasty thing, which on the Surface rides,  
Backward and Forward with all Turns of Tides,  
An Audience I will not so coarsely use;  
'Tis the lewd way of ev'ry common Mule.  
Let Grubstreet Pens such mean Diverſion find,  
But we have Subjects of a nobler kind.  
We of Legitimate Poets sing the Praise,  
No kin to th' spurious Issue of these Days,  
But such as with Desert their Laurels gain'd,  
And by true Wit Immortal Names obtain'd.  
Two like Wit-Consuls rul'd the former Age,  
With Love and Honour grac'd that flourishing Stage,  
And every Passion did the Mind engage.

They



They Sweetness first into our Language brought,  
They all the Secrets of Man's Nature sought,  
And lasting Wonders they have in Conjunction }  
[wrought.

Now joins a Third, a Genius as sublime,  
As ever flourish'd in Rome's happiest Time.

As sharply could he wound, and sweetly engage,  
As soft his Love, and as divine his Rage.

He charm'd the tenderest Virgins to Delight,  
And with his Stile did fiercest Blockheads fright.

Some Beauties here I see——

Though now demure, have felt his pow'rful Charms,  
And languish in the Circle of his Arms.

But for ye Fops, his Satyr reach'd ye all,  
Under his Lash your whole vast Herd did fall.

Oh fatal Loss! that mighty Spirit's gone!

Alas! his too great Heat went out too soon!

So fatal is it, vastly to excel,

Thus young, thus mourn'd, his lov'd Lucretius fell.

And now ye little Sparks who infest the Pit,

Learn all the Rev'gentleman's good Wit.

Disturb not with your empty Noise each Bench,

Nor break your bawdy Jest to th' Orange Wench.

Nor in that Scene of Fops, the Gallery,

Vent your No-wit, and spurious Raillery:

That noisy Place, where meet all sorts of Tools,

Your huge fat Lovers, and consumptive Fools,

Half Wits, and Gamesters, and gay Fops, whose Tasks

Are daily to invade the dang'rous Masks:

And all ye little Brood of Poetasters

Amend, and learn to Write from these your Masters.

# Dramatis Personæ.

**Valentinian, Emperor.**

**Æcius, The Roman General.**

**Maximus, Lieutenant General.**

**Pontius, Captain.**

**Licinius,**

**Balbus,**

**Proculus,**

**Chylax,**

**Servants to the Emperor.**

**Lycias, An Eunuch belonging to Maximus.**

**Lucina, Wife to Maximus.**

**Cloudia,**

**Marcellina,**

**Ladies attending Lucina.**

**Ardelia,**

**Phorba,**

**Lewd Women belonging to the Court.**

**Phidias,**

**Aretus,**

**Friends to Æcius, and Servants to the Emperor.**

**THE**

**THE**  
**TRAGEDY of** *Valentinian.*

**ACT I. SCENE I.**

*The Curtain flies up with the Musick of Trumpets and Kettle-Drums, and discovers the Emperor passing through to the Garden, attended with a great Court; Æcius and Maximus stay behind.*

*Maximus.*

*Æcius,*

*Max.* **G**reat is the Honour, which our Emperor Does, by his frequent Visits, throw on  
*Maximus.*

Not less than thrice this Week has his gay Court,  
 With all its Splendor shin'd within my Walls:  
 Nor does this glorious Sun bestow his Beams  
 Upon a Barren Soil: My happy Wife,  
 Fruitful in Charms for *Valentinian's* Heart,  
 Crowns the soft Moments of each welcome Hour,  
 With such Variety of successive Joys,  
 That lost in Love, when the long Day is done,  
 He willingly would give his Empire up,  
 For the Enjoyment of a Minute more:  
 While I ———  
 Made glorious through the Merit of my Wife,  
 Am at the Court ador'd as much as she,

As



( ❸ )  
As if the vast Dominion of the World  
He had exchange'd with me for my *Lucina*.

*Æcius*. I rather wish he would exchange his Passions,  
Give you his Thirst of Love for yours of Honour:  
And leaving you the due Possession  
Of your just Wishes in *Lucina's* Arms,  
Think how he may, by force of Worth and Virtue,  
Maintain the Right of his Imperial Crown,  
Which he neglects for Carlands made of Roses,  
Whilst, in Disdain of his ill-guided Youth,  
Whole Provinces fall off, and scorn to have  
Him for their Prince, who is his Pleasures Slave.

*Max*. I cannot blame the Nations, noble Friend,  
For falling off so fast from this wild Man,  
When, under our Allegiance be it spoken,  
And the most happy Tie of our Affections,  
The whole World groans beneath him: By the Gods,  
I'd rather be a Bond-slave to his Panders,  
Constrain'd by Power to serve their vicious Wills,  
Than bear the Infamy of being held  
A Favourite to this Fool-flatter'd Tyrant,  
Where lives Virtue,  
Honour, Discretion, Wisdom? Who are call'd  
And chosen to the steering of his Empire,  
But Whores, and Bawds, and Traitors? On my *Æcius*,  
The Glory of a Soldier, and the Truth  
Of Men made up for Goodness sake, like Shells  
Grow to the rugged Walls for want of Action;  
Only your happy self, and I that love you,  
Which is a larger means to me than Favour.

*Æcius*. No more, my worthy Friend, tho' these  
be Truths,  
And tho' these Truths would ask a Reformation,  
At least a little mending—Yet remember  
We are but Subjects, *Maximus*, Obedience  
To what is done; and Grief for what's ill-done,  
Is all we can call Ours. The Hearts of Princes  
Are like the Temples of the Gods: Pure Incense  
(Till

'Till some unhallow'd Hands defile their Offerings, y<sup>e</sup>l  
Burns ever there. We must not put em on;  
Because the Priests, who touch these Swears are wicked.  
VVe dare not, dearest Friends, say more, we cannot,  
VWhile we consider whole we are, and how,  
To what Laws bound, much more to what Law-giver,  
VWhile Majesty is made to be obey'd,  
And not enquir'd into.

*Max.* Thou best of Friends and Men, whose wife  
Instructions

Are not less charitable, weigh but thus much,  
Nor think I speak it with Ambition,  
For, by the Gods, I do not. Why, my *Æcius*,  
VWhy are we thus? Or how became thus wretched?

*Æcius.* You'll fall again into your Fit.

*Max.* I will not.

Or are we now no more the Sons of Romans!  
No more the Followers of their mighty Fortunes!  
But conquer'd Gauls, and Quivers of the Parthians?  
VWhy is the Emperor, this Man we honour,  
This God that ought to be?

*Æcius.* You are too Curious.

*Max.* Give me leave,—Why is this Author of us?

*Æcius.* I dare not hear you speak thus.

*Max.* I'll be modest,

Thus led away, thus vainly led away,  
And we Beholders! Misconceive me not,  
I sow no Danger in my Words; but wherefore,  
And to what end are we the Sons of Fathers  
Famous and fast to Rome! Why are their Virtues  
Stamp'd in the Dangers of a Thousand Battels,  
Their Honours Time out-daring?  
I think for our Example.

*Æcius.* You speak well.

*Max.* Why are we Seeds of those then to shake  
VWith Bawds and base Informers? Kiss Discredit,  
And court her like a Mistress? Pray your leave yet,  
You'll say th' Emperor's young, and apt to take

Im-



Impressions from his Pleasures,  
 Yet even his Errors have their good Effects;  
 For the same gentle Temper which inclines  
 His Mind to Softness, does his Heart defend  
 From Savage Thoughts of Cruelty and Blood,  
 Which thro' the Streets of *Rome* in Streams did flow  
 From Hearts of Senators, under the Reigns  
 Of our severer War-like Emperors?  
 While under this scarcely one Criminal  
 Meets the hard Sentence of the dooming Law;  
 And the whole World dissolv'd into a Peace,  
 Owes its Security to this Man's Pleasures;  
 But, *Acius*—be sincere, do not defend  
 Actions and Principles your Soul abhors.  
 You know this Virtue is his greatest Vice:  
 Impunity is the highest Tyranny:  
 And what the fawning Court miscalls his Pleasures,  
 Exceeds the Moderation of a Man:  
 Nay to say justly, Friend, they are loath'd Vices,  
 And such as shake our Worths with foreign Nations.  
*Acius.* You search the Sore too deep, and let me  
 tell you,  
 In any other Man, this had been Treason,  
 And so rewarded: Pray depress your Spirit;  
 For tho' I constantly believe you honest,  
 (You were no Friend for me else;) and what now  
 You freely speak, but good you owe to the Empire:  
 Yet take heed, worthy *Maximus*, all Ears  
 Hear not with that distinction mine do; few you'll find  
 Admonishers, but Urgers of your Actions,  
 And to the heaviest (Friend;) and pray consider  
 We are but Shadows, Motions others give us,  
 And tho' our Pities may become the Times,  
 Our Powers cannot; nor may we justify  
 Our private Jealousies by open Force.  
 Wise or what else to me it matters not,  
 I am your Friend; but durst my own Soul urge me,  
 And by that Soul I speak my just Affections,



To turn my Hand from Truth, which is Obedience,  
 And give the Helm my Virtue holds to Anger,  
 Tho' I had both the Blessings of the *Bravi*,  
 And both their Instigations, tho' my Cause  
 Carry'd a Face of Justice beyond theirs,  
 And as I am a Servant to my Fortunes,  
 That daring Soul that first taught Disobedience,  
 Should feel the first Example.

*Max.* Mistake me not, my dearest *Æcius*,  
 Do not believe, that through mean Jealousie  
 How far th' Emperor's Passions may prevail  
 On my *Lucina's* Thoughts to our Dishonour,  
 That I abhor the Person of my Prince.  
 Alas! that Honour were a trivial Loss,  
 Which she and I want Merit to preserve;  
 Virtue and *Maximus* are plac'd too near  
*Lucina's* Heart, to leave him such a Fear.  
 No private Loss or Wrong inflames my Spirits.  
 The Roman Glory, *Æcius*, languishes,  
 I am concern'd for *Rome*, and for the World,  
 And when th' Emperor pleases to afford  
 Time from his Pleasures, to take care of those,  
 I am his Slave, and have a Sword and Life  
 Still ready for his Service.

*Æcius.* Now you are brave,  
 And, like a Roman, justly are concern'd:  
 But say he be to blame. Are therefore we  
 Fit Fires to purge him? No, my dearest Friend,  
 The Elephant is never won with Anger,  
 Nor must that Man, who would reclaim a Lion,  
 Take him by the Teeth.  
 Our honest Actions, and the Truth that breaks  
 Like Morning from our Service chaste and blushing,  
 Is that that pulls a Prince back, then he sees,  
 And not till then truly repents his Errors.

*Max.* My Heart agrees with yours: I'll take you  
 The Emperor appears; let us withdraw; [Counsel]  
 And as we both do love him, may he flourish. [Exit.]

*Enter Valentinian and Lucina.*

*Val.* Which way, *Lucina*, hope you to escape  
The Censure both of Tyrannous and Proud,  
While your Admirers languish by your Eyes,  
And at your Feet an Emperor despairs?  
Gods! why was I mark'd out of all your Brood  
To suffer raimely under mortal Hate?  
Is it not I that do protect your Shrines?  
Am Author of your Sacrifice and Pray'rs?  
Forc'd by whose great Commands the knowing World  
Submits to own your Beings and your Power:  
And must I feel the Torments of Neglect?  
Betray'd by Love to be the Slave of Scorn?  
But 'tis not you, poor harmless Deities,  
Than can make *Valentinian* sigh and mourn!  
Alas! all Power is in *Lucina's* Eyes!  
How soon could I shake off this heavy Earth,  
Which makes me little lower than your selves,  
And sit in Heaven an Equal with the First;  
But Love bids me pursue a nobler Aim;  
Continue Mortal, and *Lucina's* Slave,  
From whose fair Eyes, would Pity take my Part,  
And bend her Will to save a bleeding Heart,  
I in her Arms such Blessings should obtain,  
For which th' unenvy'd Gods might wish in vain.

*Lucin.* Ah! Cease to tempt those Gods and Virtue too!  
Great Emperor of the World, and Lord of Me!  
Heav'n has my Life submitted to your Will!  
My Honour's Heav'ns, which will preserve its own.  
How vile a thing am I when that is gone!  
When of my Honour you have rid me,  
What other Merit have I to be yours?  
With my fair Fame let me your Subject live,  
And save that Humbleness you smile upon:  
Those gracious looks, whose Brightness should rejoice,  
Make your poor Handmaid tremble, when she thinks  
That they appear like Lightning's fatal Flash,  
Which by destructive Thunder is pursu'd,

Blasting



Blasting those Fields on which it shin'd before!  
 And should the Gods abandon worthless Me,  
 A Sacrifice to Shame and to Dishonour;  
 A Plague to *Rome*, and Blot to *Cæsar's* Fame!  
 For what Crime yet unknown shall *Maximus*  
 By me and *Cæsar* be made infamous?  
 The faithfullst Servant, and the kindest Lord?  
 So true, so brave, so gen'rous, and so just,  
 Who ne'er knew Fault; why should he fall to Shame!

*Val.* Sweet Innocence! Alas! your *Maximus*  
 (Whom I like you esteem!) it is no Danger,  
 If Duty and Allegiance be no Shame!  
 Have I not Prætors through the spacious Earth,  
 Who in my Name do mighty Nations sway?  
 Enjoying rich Dominions in my Right,  
 Their Temporary Governments I change,  
 Divide or take away, as I see good,  
 And this they think no Injury nor Shame;  
 Can you believe your Husband's Right to you,  
 Other than what from me he does derive?  
 Who justly may recal my own at Pleasure;  
 Am I not Emperor? This World my own?  
 Given me without a Partner by the Gods;  
 And shall those Gods, who gave me all, allow  
 That one less than my self should have a Claim  
 To you, the Pride and Glory of the whole?  
 You, without whom the rest is worthless Dross;  
 Life a base Slavery, Empire but a Mock:  
 And Love, the Soul of all, a bitter Curse!  
 No, only Blessing, *Maximus* and I  
 Must change our Provinces, the World shall bow  
 Beneath my Scepter, grasp'd in his strong Hand  
 Whose Valour may reduce rebellious Slaves,  
 And wise Integrity secure the rest;  
 In all those Rights the Gods to me have given:  
 While I from tedious Toils of Empire free,  
 The servile Pride of Government despise!  
 Find Peace and Joy, and Love and Heaven in Thee,  
 And seek for all my Glory in those Eyes.



*Lucina*, Had Heav'n design'd for me so great a Fate  
 As *Cæsar's* Love, I should have been preserv'd  
 By careful Providence for him alone,  
 Not offer'd up at first to *Maximus*;  
 For Princes should not mingle with their Slaves,  
 Nor seek to quench their Thirst in troubled Streams,  
 Nor am I fram'd with Thoughts fit for a Throne.  
 To be commanded still has been my Joy;  
 And to obey the height of my Ambition.  
 When young, in anxious Cares I spent the Day,  
 Trembling for fear, lest each unguided Step  
 Should tread the Paths of Error and of Blame:  
 'Till Heav'n in gentle Pity sent my Lord,  
 In whose Commands my Wishes meet their End,  
 Pleas'd and secure while following his Will;  
 Whether to live or die, I cannot err.  
 You, like the Sun, Great Sir, are plac'd above,  
 I, a low Myrtle, in the humble Vale,  
 May flourish by your distant Influence;  
 But should you bend your Glories nearer me,  
 Such fatal Favour withers me to Dust.  
 Or I in foolish Gratitude desire  
 To kiss your Feet, by whom we live and grow  
 To such a height, I should in vain aspire,  
 Who am already rooted here below,  
 Fix'd in my *Maximus's* Breast I lye!  
 Torn from that Bed, like gather'd Flow'rs, I die.

*Val.* Cease to oppress me with a thousand Charms!  
 There needs no Succour to prevailing Arms!  
 Your Beauty had subdu'd my Heart before,  
 Such Virtue could alone enslave me more:  
 If you love *Maximus* to this degree!  
 How would you be in Love, Did you love me?  
 In her, who to a Husband is so kind,  
 What Raptures might a Lover hope to find?  
 I burn, *Lucina*, like a Field of Corn,  
 By flowing Streams of kindled Flames o'er-born,  
 When North Winds drive the Torrent with a Storm:

These

These Fires into my Bosom you have thrown,  
And must in Pity quench 'em in your own:  
Heav'n, when it gave your Eyes th' inflaming Pow'r,  
Which was ordain'd to cast an Emperor  
Into Love's Fever, kindly did impart  
That Sea of Milk to bathe his burning Heart,  
Thro' all those Joys. *[Lays hold on her.]*

*Lucin.* Hold, Sir, for Mercy's sake  
Love will abhor whatever Force can take.  
I may perhaps persuade my self in time,  
That this is Duty which now seems a Crime;  
I'll to the Gods, and beg they will inspire  
My Breast, or yours, with what it should desire.

*Val.* Fly to their Altars straight, and let 'em know  
Now is their time to make me Friend or Foe,  
If to my Wishes they your Heart incline,  
Or they're no longer Favourites of mine. *[Ex. Lucin.]*  
*Ho Chylas, Proculus!*

*Enter Chylas, Proculus, Balbus and Lycin.*

As ever you do hope to be by me  
Protected in your boundless Infamy,  
For Dissoluteness cherish'd, lov'd and prais'd,  
On Pyramids of your own Vices rais'd  
Above the reach of Law, Reproof, or Shame,  
Assist me now to quench my raging Flame.  
'Tis not as heretofore a Lament Fire,  
Rais'd by some common Beauty in my Breast,  
Vapors from Idleness or loose Desire,  
By each new Motion easily suppress'd,  
But a fix'd Heat that robs me of all Rest,  
Before my dazzled Eyes could you now place  
A Thousand willing Beauties, to allure  
And give me Lust for every loose Embrace,  
*Lucina's* Love my Virtue would secure:  
From the contagious Charm in vain I fly,  
'T has seiz'd upon my Heart, and may defie  
That great Preservative Variety!

Go,



Go, call your Wives to Council, and prepare  
 To tempt, dissemble, promise, fawn and swear  
 To make Faith look like Folly use your Skill,  
 Virtue and ill-bred Grossness in the Will  
 Fame, the loose Breathings of a clam'rous Croud!  
 Ever in Lies most confident and loud!  
 Honour a Notion! Piety a Cheat!  
 And if you prove successful Bawds, be great.

*Chy.* All hindrance to your hopes we'll soon remove,  
 And clear the Way to your Triumphant Love.

*Bal.* *Lucina* for your Wishes we'll prepare,  
 And shew we know to merit what we are.

*Val.* Once more the Pow'r of Vows and Tears  
 I'll prove,  
 These may perhaps her gentle Nature move,  
 To Pity first, by Consequence to Love.  
 Poor are the Brutal Conquests we obtain,  
 O'er barbarous Nations by the force of Arms,  
 But when with humble Love a Heart we gain,  
 And plant our Trophies on our Conquerors Charms.

*Acins.*  
 Such Triumphs ev'n to us may Honour bring;  
 No Glory's vain, which does from Pleasure spring.  
 How now, *Acins!* Are the Soldiers quiet?

*Acins.* Better I hope, Sir, than they were.

*Val.* They're pleas'd I hear,  
 To censure me extremely for my Pleasures;  
 Shortly they'll fight against me.

*Acins.* Gods defend, Sir. And for their Censures  
 Such shrewd Judges

A Donative of Ten Sesterces  
 I'll undertake shall make em ring your Praises  
 More than they sung your Pleasures.

*Val.* I believe thee!  
 Art thou in Love, *Acins*, yet?

*Acins.* Oh no, Sir, I am too coarse for Ladies, my  
 That only am acquainted with Alarms  
 Would break their tender Bodies.



*Val.* Never fear it: They are stronger than you think—  
The Empress swears thou art a lusty Soldier,  
A good one I believe thee.

*Æcius.* All that Goodness is but your Creature, Sir.

*Val.* But tell me truly,  
For thou dar'st tell me.

*Æcius.* Any thing concerns you  
That's fit for me to speak, or you to pardon.

*Val.* What say the Soldiers of me! And the same  
Mince 'em not, good *Æcius*, but deliver [Words!  
The very Forms and Tongues they talk withal.

*Æcius.* I'll tell you, Sir; but with this Caution;  
You be not stirr'd: For should the Gods live with us,  
Even those we certainly believe are Righteous,  
Give 'em but Drink, they'd censure them too.

*Val.* Forward!

*Æcius.* Then to begin, They say you sleep too much,  
By which they judge you, Sir, too sensual:  
Apt to decline your Strength to Ease and Pleasure;  
And when you do not sleep, you drink too much:  
From which they fear Suspensions first, then Ruin;  
And when you neither drink nor sleep, you guess, Sir,  
Which they affirm first breaks your Understanding,  
Then dulls the Edge of Honour, makes them seem,  
That are the Ribs and Rampires of the Empire,  
Fencers and beaten Fools, and so regarded:  
But I believe 'em not: For were these Truths,  
Your Virtue can correct them.

*Val.* They speak vainly. [Have it;

*Æcius.* They say moreover, Sir, since you will  
For they will take their Freedoms, tho' the Sword  
Were at their Throats: That of late Times, like Nero,  
And with the same Forgetfulness of Glory,  
You have got a vein of Fiddling: So they term it.

*Val.* Some drunken Dreamers, *Æcius*.

*Æcius.* So I hope, Sir.  
They say besides, you nourish strange Devourers.

Fed with the Fat of the Empire, they call Bawds,  
Lazy and lustful Creatures that abuse you.

*Val.* What Sin's next? For I perceive they have no  
To spare me!

*Æcius.* Nor hurt you, on my Soul, Sir: But such  
(Nor can the Pow'r of Man restrain it) [People  
When they are full of Meat, and Ease, must prate.

*Val.* Forward.

*Æcius.* I have spoken too much, Sir.

*Val.* I'll have all.

*Æcius.* It is not fit

Your Ears should hear their Vanities, no Profit  
Can justly arise to you from their Behaviour,  
Unless you were guilty of these Crimes.

*Val.* It may be so. Therefore forward.

*Æcius.* I have ever learn'd to obey.

*Val.* No more Apologies.

*Æcius.* They grieve besides, Sir,  
To see the Nations, whom our ancient Virtue  
With many a weary March and Hunger conquer'd,  
With Loss of many a daring Life subdu'd,  
Fall from their fair Obedience; ev'n murmur  
To see the Warlike Eagles mew their Honours  
In obscure Towns, that us'd to prey on Princes;  
They cry for Enemies, and tell the Captain  
The Fruits of *Italy* are luscious: Give us *Egypt*,  
Or sandy *Africk* to display our Valours,  
There, where our Swords may get us Meat, and Dangers  
Digest our well-got Food; for here our Weapons  
And Bodies that were made for shining Brass,  
Are both unedg'd, and old, with Ease and Women!  
And then they cry again, Where are the *German*  
Lind with hor *Spain* or *Gallia*? Bring 'em near  
And let the Son of War, steel'd *Micabridates*,  
Pour on us his wing'd *Partians* like a Storm:  
Hiding the Face of Heav'n with Show'rs of Arrows,  
Yet we dare fight like *Romans*; then as Soldiers  
Tir'd with a weary March, they tell their Wounds

Ev'n



Ev'n weeping ripe, they were no more, nor deeper,  
 And glory in these Scars that make 'em lovely,  
 And sitting where a Camp was, like sad Pilgrims  
 They reckon up the Times and loading Labours  
 Of *Julus*, or *Germanicus*, and wonder  
 That *Rome*, whose *Turrets* once were top'd with Honour,  
 Can now forget the Custom of Her Conquests?  
 And they blame you, Sir—and say, Who leads us?  
 Shall we stand here like Statues! Were our Fathers  
 The Sons of lazy *Moors*, our Princes *Persians*!  
 Nothing but *Silk* and Softness? Curses on 'em  
 That first taught *Nero* Wantonness and Blood,  
*Tiberius* Doubt, *Caligula* all Vices,  
 For from the Spring of these succeeding Princes—  
 Thus they talk, Sir.

*Val.* Well!

Why do you hear these things?

*Æcius.* Why do you do 'em?

I take the Gods to witness, with more Sorrow  
 And more Vexation hear I these Reproaches,  
 Than were my Life dropt from me thro' an Hour-Glass.

*Val.* 'Tis like then you believe 'em, or at least,  
 Are glad they should be so. Take heed—you were better  
 Build your own Tomb, and run into it living,  
 Than dare a Prince's Anger.

*Æcius.* I am old, Sir:

And Ten Years more Addition is but nothing:  
 Now if my Life be pleasing to you, take it.  
 Upon my Knees, if ever any Service  
 (As let me brag, some have been worthy notice!)  
 If ever any Worth or Trust you gave me  
 Deserv'd a Favour, Sir; if all my Actions,  
 The Hazards of my Youth, Colds, Burnings, Wants,  
 For you and for the Empire, be not Vices:  
 By the Stile you have stamp'd upon me, Soldier!  
 Let me not fall into the Hands of Wretches.

*Val.* I understand you not.

*Æcius*



*Aecius*: Let not this Body  
That has look'd bravely in his Blood for *Cæsar*—  
And covetous of Wounds, and for your safety—  
After the 'scape of Swords, Spears, Slings and Arrows  
'Gainst which my beaten Body was my Armour—  
Thro' Seas, and thirsty Desarts, now be Purchase  
For Slaves and base Informers: I see Anger  
And Death look thro' your Eyes—I am mark'd for  
Slaughter, and know the telling of this Truth has  
made me

A Man clean lost to this World—I embrace it,  
Only my last Petition, Sacred *Cæsar*!  
Is, I may die a *Roman*—

*Val*: Rise! My Friend still,  
And worthy of my Love: Reclaim the Soldiers!  
I'll study to do so upon my self.

Go——keep your Command, and prosper.

*Aecius*: Life to *Cæsar*.—

[Exit.]

*Val*: The Honesty of this *Aecius*,  
Who is indeed the Bulwark of my Empire,  
Is to be cherish'd for the good it brings,  
Not valu'd as a Merit in the Owner!  
All Princes are Slaves bound up by Gratitude,  
And Duty has no claim beyond Acknowledgment,  
Which I'll pay *Aecius*, whom I still have found  
Dull, faithful, humble, vigilant and brave,  
Talents as I could wish 'em for my Slave:  
But, oh this Woman!  
Is it a Sin to love this lovely Woman?  
No; she is such a Pleasure, being good,  
That tho' I were a God she'd fire my Blood.

[Exit.]

*The End of the First Act.*

A C T

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chylax, Lycinius.*

*Bal.* I Never saw the like, she's no more stirr'd,  
No more another Woman, no more alter'd,  
With any Hopes or Promises laid to her,  
Let them be never so weighty, ne'er so winning,  
Than I am with the Motion of my own Legs.

*Proc. Chylax:*

You are a Stranger yet in these Designs,  
At least in *Rome*. Tell me, and tell me Truth;  
Did you e'er know in all your Course of Practice,  
In all the Ways of Women you have rode through?  
For I presume you have been brought up, *Chylax*,  
As we to fetch and carry.

*Chyl.* True—I have so.

*Proc.* Did you, I say again, in all this Progress,  
Ever discover such a Piece of Beauty  
Ever so rare a Creature, and no doubt,  
One that must know her Worth too, and affect it,  
Ay, and be flatter'd, else 'tis none; and Honest,  
Honest against the Tide of all Temptations,  
Honest to one Man, and to her Husband only,  
And yet not Eighteen, not of Age to know  
Why she is Honest?

*Chyl.* I confess it freely.

I never saw her Fellow, nor ever shall:  
For all our *Grecian* Dames as I have try'd,  
And sure I have try'd a Hundred—if I say Two,  
I speak within my compass: All these Beauties,  
And all the Constancy of all these Faces,  
Maids, Widows, Wives, of what Degree or Calling,  
So they be *Greeks* and far, for there's my Cunning;  
I would undertake, and not swear for't, *Proculus*,  
Were they to try again, say twice as many,  
Under a Thousand Pound to lay them flat;  
But this Wench staggers me.

*Lyc.*



*Lycim.* Do you see these Jewels?  
You would think these pretty Baits now; I'll assure you  
Here's half the Wealth of *Asia*.

*Bal.* These are nothing  
To the full Honours I propounded to her,  
I bid her think and be, and presently  
Whatever her Ambition, what the Counsel  
Of others would add to her, what her Dreams  
Could more enlarge, what any Precedent  
Of any Woman rising up to Glory;  
And standing certain there, and in the highest  
Could give her more: Nay, to be *Empress*—

*Proc.* And cold at all these Offers?

*Bal.* Cold as Crystal,  
Never to be thaw'd.

*Chyl.* I try'd her further:  
And so far, that I think she is no Woman;  
At least as Women go now.

*Lycim.* Why, what did you?

*Chyl.* I offer'd that, that had she been but Mistress  
Of as much Spleen as Doves have, I had reach'd her,  
A safe Revenge of all that ever hate her,  
The crying down for ever of all Beauties,  
That may be thought come near her.

*Proc.* That was pretty.

*Chyl.* I never knew that way fail; yet I tell you,  
I offer'd her a Gift beyond all yours,  
That, that had made a Saint start, well consider'd;  
The Law to be her Creature; she to make it,  
Her Mouth to give it: Every thing alive,  
From her Aspect to draw their Good or Evil,  
Fix'd in 'em spight of Fortune, a new Nature  
She should be call'd, and Mother of all Ages;  
Time should be hers, what she did, flattering Virtues  
Should bless to all Posterities, her Air  
Should give us Life, her Earth and Water feed us,  
And last to none but to the Emperor.  
(And then but when she pleas'd to have it so.)  
She should be held a Mortal.

*Lycim.*



*Lycia.* And she heard you?

*Chyl.* Yes, as a sick Man hears a Noise, or he  
That stands condemn'd, his Judgment  
Well, if there can be Virtue, if that Name  
Be any thing but Name, and empty Title,  
If it be so as Fools are us'd to feign it,

A Power that can preserve us after Death,  
And make the Names of Men out-reckon Ages,  
This Woman has a God of Virtue in her.

*Bal.* I would the Emperor were that God.

*Chyl.* She has in her

All the Contempt of Glory, and vain seeming  
Of all *Stoicks*, all the Truth of Christians,  
And all their Constancy; Modesty was made  
When she was first intended; when she blushes,  
It is the holiest thing to look upon;  
The purest Temple of her Sex, that ever  
Made Nature a bless'd Founder,  
If she were any way inclining  
To Ease or Pleasure, or affected Glory,  
Proud to be seen or worshipp'd, 'twere a Venture;  
But, on my Soul, she is chaster than cold Camphire.

*Bal.* I think so too: For all the ways of Woman  
Like a full Sail she bears against: I ask'd her,  
After my many Offers, walking with her,  
And her many down Denials, How  
If the Emperor, grown mad with Love, should force her?  
She pointed to a *Lucrece* that hung by,  
And with an angry Look—that from her Eyes  
Shot Vestal Fire against me, she departed.

*Proc.* This is the first VWoman I was ever pos'd in,  
Yet I have brought young loving things together  
This Two and Thirty Year.

*Chyl.* I find by this Fair Lady  
The Calling of a Bawd to be a strange  
A wise and subtle Calling; and for none  
But staid, discreet and understanding People:  
And as the Tutor to Great *Alexander*

Would

Would say, A young Man should not dare to read  
His Moral Books till after Five and Twenty,  
So must that He or She that will be Bawdy,  
(I mean discreetly Bawdy, and be trusted)  
If they will rise and gain Experience,  
VVell steep't in Years and Discipline, begin it  
I take it 'tis no Boy's Play.

*Bal.* What's to be thought of?

*Proc.* The Emperour must know it.

*Lycin.* If the Women should chance to fall too—

*Chyl.* As'tis Ten to One.

*Proc.* Why, what remains but new Nets for the poor  
Th' Emperour.—

*Enter Valentinian.*

*Emp.* What! Have you brought her?

*Chyl.* Brought her, Sir! alas,  
What would you do with such a Cake of Ice,  
Whom all the Love i'th Empire cannot thaw.  
A dull cross thing, insensible of Glory,  
Deaf to all Promises, dead to Desire,  
A tedious Strickler for her Husband's Rights,  
Who, like a Beggar's Cur, hath brought her up  
To fawn on him, and bark at all besides.

*Emp.* Lewd and ill-manner'd Fool, wert not for fear  
To do thee good by mending of thy Manners  
I'd have thee whipt! Is this th' Account you bring  
To ease the Torments of my restless Mind? [vourd

*Balb.* } *Cesar!* In vain your Vassals have endea  
kneeling. } By Promises, Persuasions, Reasons, Wealth,  
All that can make the firmest Virtue bend,  
To alter her. Our Arguments, like Darts  
Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,  
Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression:  
Forgive us, if we fail'd to overcome  
Virtue that could resist the Emperour.

*Emp.* You impotent Provokers of my Lust,  
Who can incite, and have no Power to help,  
How dare you be alive, and I unsatisfied,  
Who



Who to your Beings have no other Title  
 Nor least Hopes to preserve 'em, but my Smiles?  
 Who play like poisonous Insects all the Day,  
 In the warm Shine of me your Vital Sun;  
 And when Night comes must perish—  
 Wretches! whose vicious Lives, when I withdraw  
 The absolute Protection of my Favour,  
 Will drag you into all the Miseries  
 That your own Terrors, universal Hate,  
 And Law, with Jails and Whips can bring upon you.  
 As you have fail'd to satisfy my Wishes,  
 Perdition is the least you can expect,  
 Who durst undertake and not perform!  
 Slaves! Was it fit I should be disappointed?  
 Yet live——

Continue infamous a little longer  
 You have deserv'd to end. But for this once  
 I'll not tread but your nasty Snuffs of Life;  
 But had your poisonous Flatteries prevail'd  
 Upon her Chastity I so admire,  
 A Virtue that adds Fury to my Flames!  
 Dogs had devour'd e'er this your Carcasses;  
 Is that an Object fit for my Desires,  
 Which lyes within the reach of your Persuasions?  
 Had you by your infectious Industry  
 Shew'd my *Lycias* frail to that degree,  
 You had been damn'd for deceiving me.  
 But to possess her chaste and uncorrupted,  
 There lyes the Joy and Glory of my Love!  
 A Passion too refin'd for your dull Souls,  
 And such a Blessing as I scorn to owe  
 The gaining of to any but my self;  
 Haste freight to *Maximus*, and let him know  
 He must come instantly and speak with me;  
 The rest of you wait here—I'll play to Night.  
 You sawry Fob! send privately away  
 For *Lycias* hither by the Garden-Gate,  
 That sweet fac'd Eunuch that sung



In *Maximus's* Grove the other Day,  
And in my Closet keep him 'till I come. *[Ex. Val]*

*Chyl.* I shall, Sir.

'Tis a soft Rogue, this *Lyvian*,  
And rightly understood,  
He's worth a Thousand Women Ninnenesses!  
The Love of Woman moves even with their Lust,  
Who therefore still are fond, but seldom just:  
Their Love is Usury, while they pretend  
To gain the Pleasure double which they lend,  
But a dear Boy's disinterested Flame  
Gives Pleasure, and for meer Love gathers Pain;  
" In him alone Fondness sincere does prove,  
" And the kind, tender, naked Boy is Love. *[Exit.]*

## S C E N E II. A Garden.

*Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.*

*Ard.* You still insist upon that Idol Honour,  
Can it renew your Youth? Can it add Wealth?  
Or take off Wrinkles? Can it draw Mens Eyes  
To gaze upon you in your Age? Can Honour,  
That truly is a Saint to none but Soldiers,  
And look'd into, bears no Reward but Danger,  
Leave you the most respected Woman living?  
Or can the common Kisses of a Husband  
(Which to a sprightly Lady is a Labour)  
Make you almost Immortal? You are cozen'd,  
The Honour of a Woman is her Praises;  
The way to get these, to be seen and sought to,  
And not bury such a happy Sweetness  
Under a smoaking Roof.

*Lucin.* I'll hear no more. *[Beauty,]*

*Phorb.* That White and Red, and all that blooming  
Kept from the Eyes that make it so, is nothing:  
Then you are truly Fair, when Men proclaim it:  
The *Phoenix* that was never seen is doubted,  
But when the Virtue's known, the Honour's doubled:

Virtue

Virtue is either lame, or not at all,  
And Love a Sacrilege, and not a Saint,  
When it bars up the Way to Mens Petitions.

*Ard.* Nay, you shall love your Husband too; we  
Come not to make a Monster of you.

*Lucin.* Are you Women?

*Ard.* You'll find us so; and Women you shall thank  
If you have but Grace to make your Use. [too,

*Lucin.* Fie on you.

*Phorb.* Alas, poor bashful Lady! By my Soul,  
Had you no other Virtue but your Blushes,  
And I a Man, I should run mad for those!  
How prettily they set her off! how sweetly [Earth,

*Ard.* Come, Goddess, come! you move to near the  
It must not be, a better Orb stays for you.

*Lucin.* Pray leave me.

*Phorb.* That were a Sin, sweet Madam, and a way  
To make us guilty of your Melancholy,  
You must not be alone: In Conversation, [ence  
Doubts are resolv'd, and what sticks near the Consci-  
Made easie and allowable.

*Lucin.* Ye are Devils. [tion.

*Ard.* That you may one Day bless for your Damna-

*Lucin.* I charge you, in the Name of Chastity,  
Tempt me no more: How ugly you seem to me!  
There's no wonder Men defame our Sex,  
And lay the Vices of all Ages on us,  
When such as you shall bear the Name of Women!  
If you had Eyes to see your selves, or Sense  
Above the base Rewards ye earn with Shame!  
If ever in your Lives ye heard of Goodness,  
Tho' many Regions off,—as Men hear Thunder:  
If ever you had Fathers, and they Souls,  
Or ever Mothers, and not such as you are!  
If ever any thing were constant in you  
Besides your Sins!

If any of your Ancestors,  
Dy'd worth a noble Deed—that would be cherish'd,



Soul-frighted with this black infection,  
 You would run from one anothers Repentance,  
 And from your guilty Eyes drop out those Sins  
 That made ye blind and Beasts.

*Phorb.* You speak well, Madam!  
 A sign of fruitful Education,  
 If your Religious Zeal had Wisdom with it.

*Arđ.* This Lady ordain'd to bless the Empire,  
 And we may all give Thanks for her.

*Phorb.* I believe you.

*Arđ.* If any thing redeem the Emperor,  
 From his wild flying Courses, this is she!  
 She can instruct him--if you mark--she's wife too well.

*Phorb.* Exceeding wise, which is a wonder in her;  
 And so religious, that I well believe,  
 Tho' she would sin she cannot.

*Arđ.* And besides  
 She has the Empire's Cause in Hand, not Love's:  
 There lyes the main Consideration,  
 For which she is chiefly born.

*Phorb.* She finds that Point  
 Stronger than we can tell her, and believe it,  
 I look by her means for a Reformation,  
 And such a one, and such a rare way carry'd.

*Arđ.* I never thought the Emperor had Wisdom,  
 Pity, or fair Affection to his Country,  
 'Till he profess'd this Love. Gods give 'em Children  
 Such as her Virtues merit, and his Zeal;  
 I look to see a *Numa* from this Lady.  
 Or greater than *Octavius*.

*Phorb.* Do you mark too,  
 Which is a Noble Virtue--how she blushes,  
 And what flowing Modesty runs through her  
 When we but name the Emperor.

*Arđ.* Mark it!  
 Yes, and admire it too: For she considers  
 Tho' she be fair as Heav'n, and Virtuous  
 As Holy Truth; yet to the Emperor,

She



She is a kind of Nothing—but her Service;  
Which she is bound to offer, and she'll do it;  
And when her Country's Cause commands Affection,  
She knows Obedience is the Key of Virtues;  
Then fly the Blushes out like Cupid's Arrows;  
And though the Tie of Marriage to her Lord,  
Would fain cry, Stay *Lucina*—yet the Cause  
And general Wisdom of the Prince's Love  
Makes her find surer Ends, and happier;  
And if the first were chaste, these are twice doubled.

*Phorb.* Her Tartness to us too.

*Arb.* That's a wise one.

*Phorb.* I like it, it shews a rising Wisdom,  
That chides all common Fools; who dare enquire  
What Princes would have private.

*Arb.* What a Lady shall we be blest to serve!

*Lucin.* Go—get you from me;  
Ye are your Purves Agents, not the Prince's,  
Is this the Virtuous Love you train'd me out to  
And a Woman fit to imp your Vices?  
But that I had a Mother, and a Woman  
Whose ever-living Flame turns all her touches  
Into the Good if self was, I should now  
Even doubt; my self; I have been search'd so near  
The very Soul of Honour. Why should you Two,  
That happily have been as chaste as I am!  
Fairer I think by much (for yet your Faces,  
Like ancient well-built Piles, shew worthy Ruines)  
After that Angel Age, turn Mortal Devils!  
For shame, for Womanhood, for what you have been,  
For rotten Cedars have born goodly Branches)  
If you have hope of any Heaven but Court,  
Which, like a Dream, you'll find hereafter vanish:  
Or at the best but subject to Repentance!  
Study no more to be ill spoken of,  
Let Women live themselves, if they must fail;  
Their own Destruction find them.

*Arb.* You are so excellent in all,  
That I must tell you with admiration!

So true a Joy you have, so sweet a Fear!  
 And when you come to Anger——'tis so Noble,  
 That for my own part, I could still offend,  
 To hear you angry: Women that want that,  
 And your way guided, else (I count it nothing)  
 Are either Fools or fearful. [Lord,

*Phorb.* She were no Mistress for the World's great  
 Could she not frown a ravish'd Kiss from Anger,  
 And such an Anger as this Lady shews us,  
 Stuck with such pleasing Dangers (Gods lask ye)  
 Which of you all could hold from?

*Lucin.* I perceive you,  
 Your own dark Sins dwell with you, and that Price  
 You sell the Chastity of modest Wives at,  
 Run to Diseases with you——I despise you,  
 And all the Nets you have pitch'd to catch my Virtue,  
 Like Spiders-webs, I sweep away before me!  
 Go! tell th' Emperor, you have met a Woman,  
 That neither his own Person, which is God-like,  
 The World he rules, nor what that World can purchase,  
 Nor all the Glories subject to a *Cæsar*!  
 The Honours that he offers for my Honour,  
 The Hopes, the Gifts, and everlasting Flatteries,  
 Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt;  
 No! not to be the Mother of the Empire,  
 And Queen of all the Holy Fires he worships,  
 Can make a Whore of me.

*Ard.* You mistake us, Madam.

*Lucin.* Yet tell him this, h'as much weaken'd me,  
 That I have heard his Slaves, and you his Matrons,  
 Fit Nurses for his Sins! which Gods, forgive me,  
 But ever to be leaning to his Folly,  
 Or to be brought to love his Vice——assure him,  
 And from her Mouth, whose Life shall make it certain,  
 I never can; I have a Noble Husband,  
 Pray tell him that too: Yet a Noble Name,  
 A Noble Family, and last a Conscience.

Thus



Thus much by way of Answer; for your selves;  
You have liv'd the Shame of Women—die the better.

[Exit Lucin.

*Phorb.* What's now to do?

*Ard.* Even as she said to die.

For there's no living here and Women thus,  
I am sure for us two.

*Phorb.* Nothing stick upon her?

*Ard.* We have lost a Mass of Mony; well, Dame  
Yet you may halt, if good Luck serve! [Virtue,

*Phorb.* Worms take her.

*Ard.* So Godly—

This is ill Breeding, *Phorba.*

*Phorb.* If the Women

Should have a longing now to see the Monster,  
And she convert 'em all!

*Ard.* That may be, *Phorbo!*

But if it be I'll have the young Men hang'd.

—Come—let's go think—she must not 'scape us  
thus [Exeunt.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Scene opens, and Discovers the Emperor as  
Dice.*

Maximus, Lycinius, Proculus and Chylax.

*Emp.* **N**AY! set my Hand out: 'Tis not just  
I should neglect my Luck when 'tis so  
prosp'rous.

*Chyl.* If I have any thing to set you, Sir, but Cloaths  
And good Conditions, let me perish;  
You have all my Mony.



*Proc.* And mine too; to answer to you by way of answer.

*Lycin.* And mine too. Who would have thought you have liv'd the shame of the shame?

*Max.* You may trust us sure 'till to Morrow,  
Or, if you please, I'll send home for Money presently.

*Emp.* 'Tis already Morning, and staying will be redi-  
My Luck will vanish when your Money comes.

*Chyl.* Shall we redeem 'em if we set our Horses?

*Emp.* Yes fairly. Nothing stick upon her.

*Chyl.* That as my Villa—

*Emp.* At it—'Tis mine.

*Chyl.* Then farewell, Fig-trees; for I can never re-  
deem 'em.

*Emp.* Who sets? — Set any thing.

*Lycin.* At my Horse.

*Emp.* The Dapple Spaniard?

*Lycin.* He.

*Emp.* He's mine.

*Lycin.* He is so.

*Max.* Ha!

*Lycin.* Nothing, my Lord! But Pox on my damn'd  
Fortune.

*Emp.* Come, *Maximus*; you were not wont to flinch.

*Max.* By Heav'n, Sir, I have not a Penny.

*Emp.* Then that Ring.

*Max.* O good Sir, this was not given to lose.

*Emp.* Some Love-Token—Set it, I say!

*Max.* I beg you, Sir.

*Emp.* How silly and how fond you are grown of Toys!

*Max.* Shall I redeem it?

*Emp.* When you please; to morrow,  
Or next Day, as you will: I do not care  
Only for Luck sake—

*Max.* There, Sir, will you throw?

*Emp.* Why then, have at it fairly, the last Stake!  
'Tis mine.

*Max.* You're ever fortunate; to morrow  
I'll bring you—what you please to think it worth.

*Emp.* Then your *Arabian Horse*; but for this Night,  
I'll wear it as my *Victory*.

*Enter Balbus.*

*Balb.* From the Camp  
*Ecine* in haste has sent these Letters, Sir;  
It seems the Cohorts mutiny for Pay.

*Emp. Maximus.*—This is ill News. Next Week  
they are to march.

You must away immediately; no stay,  
No, not so much as to take leave at home.  
This careful haste may probably appease 'em;  
Send Word, what are their Numbers;  
And Money shall be sent to pay 'em all.  
Besides something by way of Donative.

*Max.* I'll not delay a Moment, Sir,  
The Gods preserve you in this Mind for ever.

*Emp.* I'll see 'em match my self.

*Max.* Gods ever keep you. — *[Exit Max.]*

*Emp.* To what end now d'yethink this Ring shall serve?  
For you are the dull'st and the veriest Rogues  
Fellows that know only by roat, as Birds  
Whistle and Sing.

*Chyl.* Why, Sir, 'tis for the Lady.

*Emp.* The Lady, Blockhead! which end of the Lady?  
Her Nose!

*Chyl.* Faith Sir, that I know not.

*Emp.* Then pray for him that does —  
Fetch in the Eunuch; *[Ex. Chyl.]*

You see th' Apartment made very fine.  
That lyes upon the Garden, Masks and Musick,  
With the best speed you can. And all your Arts  
Serve to the highest, for my Master-piece  
Is now on Foot.

*Proc.* Sir, we shall have a care.

*Emp.* I'll sleep an Hour or two; and let the Women  
Put on a graver show of Welcome!  
Your Wives! they are such Haggard Bawds,  
A Thought too eager.

*Enter Chyl. and Lycias.*

*Chyl.* Here's *Lycias*, Sir.

*Lyc.* Long Life to mighty *Cæsar*.

*Emp.* Fortune to thee, for I must use thee, *Lycias*.

*Lyc.* I am the humble Slave of *Cæsar's* Will,  
By my Ambition bound to his Commands,  
As by my Duty.

*Emp.* Follow me.

*Lyc.* With Joy. —

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. Grove and Forest.

*Enter Lucina.*

*Lucin.* Dear solitary Groves where Peace does dwell,  
Sweet Harbours of pure Love and Innocence!  
How willingly could I for ever stay  
Beneath the Shade of your embracing Greens,  
List'ning to Harmony of warbling Birds,  
Tun'd with the gentle Murmurs of the Streams;  
Upon whose Banks in various Livery,  
The fragrant Off-spring of the early Year,  
Their Heads like graceful Swans bent proudly down,  
See their own Beauties in the Crystal Flood:  
Of these I could mysterious Chaplets weave,  
Expressing some kind innocent Design,  
To shew my *Maximus* at his Return,  
And fondly chiding make his Heart confess,  
How far my busie Idleness excels  
The idle Business he pursues all Day,  
At the contentious Court or clamorous Camp,  
Robbing my Eyes of what they love to see,  
My Ears of his dear Words they wish to hear,  
My longing Arms of th' Embrace they cover:  
Forgive me Heav'n! if when I these enjoy,  
So perfect is the Happiness I find,

That



That my Soul satisfy'd feel no Ambition,  
To change these humble Roofs and set above.

*Enter Marcellina.*

*Marc.* Madam, my Lord, just now alighted here,  
Was, by an Order from th' Emperor,  
Call'd back to Court!

This he commanded me to let you know,  
And that he would make haste in his Return.

*Luc.* The Emperor!  
Unwonted Horror seizes me all o'er,  
When I but hear him nam'd: sure 'tis not Hate?  
For tho' his impious Love with Scorn I heard,  
And fled with Terror from his threatening Force,  
Duty commands me humbly to forgive,  
And bless the Lord to whom my Lord does bow!  
Nay more methinks, he is the gracefullest Man.  
His Words so fram'd to tempt, himself to please,  
That 'tis my Wonder how the Pow'rs above,  
Those wise and careful Guardians of the Good,  
Have trusted such a force of tempting Charms  
To Enemies declar'd of Innocence!

'Tis then some strange Prophetick Fear I feel,  
That seems to warn me of approaching Ills.  
Go *Marcellina*, fetch your Lute, and sing that Song  
My Lord calls his: I'll try to wear away  
The melancholy Thoughts his Absence breeds!  
Come gentle Slumbers, in you flatt'ring Arms  
I'll bury these Disquiets of my Mind,  
'Till *Maximus* returns—for when he's here,  
My Heart is rais'd above the reach of Fear.

*Mar.*

*Marcellina Sings—*

*S O N G. By Mr. W.*

**W** H E R E would coy Aminta run  
From a despairing Lover's Story?

When her Eyes have Conquests won,

Why should her Ear refuse the Glory?

Shall a Slave, whom Racks constrain,

Be forbidden to complain?

Let her scorn me, let her fly me,

Let her Looks her Life deny me,

N'er can my Heart change for Relief,

Or my Tongue cease to tell my Griefs

Much to love, and much to pray,

Is to Heaven the only Way.

*Mar. She sleeps.*

[The Song ended, Exit Claudia and Marcellina before the Dance.]

**S C E N E III. Dance of Satyrs.**

*Enter Claudia and Marcellina to Lucina.*

*Claud.* Prithee, what ails my Lady; that of Late  
She never cares for Company?

*Mar.* I know not,  
Unless it be that Company causes Cuckolds.

*Claud.* Ridiculous! That were a childish Fear;  
'Tis Opportunity does cause 'em rather,  
When two made one are glad to be alone.

*Mar.*



*Mar.* But *Claudia*—why this setting up all Night  
in Groves by purling Streams & this arguing Heat  
Great Heat and Vapours, which are main Corrupters,  
Mark when you will, your Ladies that have Vapours,  
They are not Flinchers, that insulting Speech,  
Is the Artillery of powerful Lust,  
Discharg'd upon weak Honour, which stands out,  
Two Fits of Headach at the most, then yields.

*Claud.* Thou art the frailest Creature, *Marcullina*!  
And think't all Women's Honours like thy own!  
So thin a Cobweb, that each blast of Passion  
Can blow away: But for my own part, Girl,  
I think I may be well stil'd Honour's Martyr.  
With firmest Constancy I have endur'd  
The raging Heats of passionate Desires,  
While flaming Love and boiling Nature both,  
Were pour'd upon my Soul with equal Torture:  
Alarm'd with Resolution stood it out,  
And kept my Honour safe.

*Marc.* Thy Glory's great!  
But, *Claudia*, Thanks to Heav'n that I am made  
The weakest of all Women: fram'd so frail,  
That Honour ne'er thought fit to chuse me out  
His Champion against Pleasure: My poor Heart,  
For divers Years, still toss'd from Flame to Flame,  
Is now burnt up to Tinder, every Spark  
Dropt from kind Eyes, set it a fire afresh:  
Press'd by a gentle Hand I melt away:  
One Sigh's a Storm that blows me along,  
Pity a Wretch who has no Charm at all  
Against the impetuous Tide of flowing Pleasure,  
Who wants both Force and Courage to maintain  
The glorious War made upon Flesh and Blood,  
But is a Sacrifice to every Wish,  
And has no Power left to resist a Joy.

*Claud.* Poor Girl! how strange a Riddle Virtue is!  
They never miss it who possess it not,  
And they who have it, ever find a want.

With



With what Tranquility and Peace thou liv'st !  
 For strip'd of shame, thou hast no Cause to fear ;  
 While I, the Slave of Virtue, am afraid  
 Of every thing I see ; and think the World  
 A dreadful Wilderness of Savage Beasts ;  
 Each Man I meet I fancy will devour me,  
 And sway'd by Rules not natural but affected,  
 I hate Mankind for fear of being lov'd.

*Mar.* 'Tis nothing less than Witchcraft can constrain  
 Still to persist in Errors we perceive !  
 Prithee reform ; what Nature prompts us to,  
 And Reason seconds, why should we avoid ?  
 This Honour is the veriest Mountebank,  
 It fits our Fancies with affected Tricks,  
 And make us freakish ; what a Cheat must that be,  
 Which robs our Lives of all their softer Hours !  
 Beauty our only Treasure it lays waste,  
 Hurries us over our neglected Youth,  
 To the detested State of Age and Ugliness,  
 Tearing our dearest Hearts Desires from us ;  
 Then in Reward of what it took away,  
 Our Joys, our Hopes, our Wishes and Delights,  
 It bountifully pays us all with Pride !  
 Poor Shifts ! still to be proud, and never pleas'd,  
 Yet this is all your Honour can do for you.

*Claud.* Concluded like thy self, for sure thou art  
 The most corrupt corrupting Thing alive ;  
 Yet glory not too much in cheating Wit :  
 'Tis but false Wisdom ; and its Property  
 Has ever been to take the Part of Vice,  
 Which tho' the Fancy with vain Shews it please,  
 Yet want a Power to satisfy the Mind.

[*Lucina Wakes.*

*Claud.* But see my Lady wakes, and comes this way.  
 Bless me how pale, and how confus'd she looks !

*Luc.* In what fantastick new VWorld have I been ?  
 VWhat Horrors past ? what threatening Visions seen ?  
 Wrapt

Wrapt as I lay in my amazing Trance,  
 The Host of Heav'n and Hell did round me dance:  
 Debates arose betwixt the Pow'rs above,  
 And those below: Methoughts they talk'd of Love,  
 And nam'd me often; but it could not be,  
 Of any Love that had to do with me.  
 For all the while they talk'd and argu'd thus,  
 I never heard one Word of *Maximus*.  
 Discourteous Nymphs! who own these murm'ring  
 Floods,

And you unkind Divinities o'th Woods!  
 When to your Banks and Bowers I came distress'd,  
 Half dead thro' Absence, seeking Peace and Rest,  
 Why would you not protect, by these your Streams,  
 A sleeping Wretch from such wild dismal Dreams!  
 Mis-shapen Monsters round in Measures went,  
 Horrid in Form, with Gestures insolent:  
 Grinning thro' Goatish Beards with half-clos'd Eyes,  
 They look'd me in the Face! frighted to rise  
 In vain I did attempt; methought no Ground  
 Was, to support my sinking Footsteps, found.  
 In clammy Fogs like one half choak'd I lay,  
 Crying for help, my Voice was snatch'd away.

And when I would have fled,  
 My Limbs benumb'd or dead,  
 Could not my Will with Terror wing'd obey.  
 Upon my absent Lord for Help I cry'd;  
 But in that Moment when I must have dy'd,  
 With Anguish of my Fears confuting Pains,  
 Relenting Sleep loos'd his Tyrannick Chains.

*Claud.* Madam, alas! such Accidents as these,  
 Are not of value to disturb your Peace. [wrought,  
 The cold damp Dews of Night have mixt and }  
 With the dark Melancholy of your Thought;  
 And thro' your Fancy these Illusions brought. }  
 I still have mark'd your Fondness will afford  
 No Hour of Joy, in th' Absence of my Lord.

*Enter*



*Enter Lycias, with a Ring.*

*Lucin.* Absent, all Night—and never send me Word.

*Lyc.* Madam, while sleeping by those Banks you lay,  
One from my Lord commanded me away.  
In all obedient haste I went to Court,  
Where busie Crowds confus'dly did resort,  
News from the Camp it seems was then arriv'd;  
Of Tumults rais'd, and Civil Wars contriv'd,  
The Emperor frighted from his Bed, does call  
Grave Senators to Council in the Hall—  
Throng'd of ill-favour'd Faces fill'd with Scars  
Wait for Employments, praying hard for Wars,  
At Council Door attend with fair Pretence,  
In Knaveish Decency and Reverence:  
Banquers, who with officious Diligence  
Lend Mony to supply the present Need,  
At treble Use, that greater may succeed,  
So publick Wants will private Plenty breed,  
Whisp'ring in ev'ry Corner you might see.

*Lucin.* But what's all this to *Maximus* and me?  
Where is my Lord? what Message has he sent?  
Is he in Health? What fatal Accident  
Does all this while his wish'd Return prevent?

*Lyc.* When e'er the Gods that happy Hour decree,  
May he appear safe, and with Victory;  
Of many Hero's, who stood Candidate  
To be the Arbiters 'twixt *Rome* and Fate;  
To Quell Rebellion, and Protect the Throne,  
A Choice was made of *Maximus* alone;  
The People, Soldiers, Senate, Emperor,  
For *Maximus* with one Consent concur.  
Their new-born Hopes now hurry him away,  
Nor will their Fears admit one Moment's stay:  
Trembling through Terror lest he come too late,  
They huddle his Dispatch, while at the Gate  
The Emperor's Chariots to conduct him wait.

*Lucin.*



*Lucin.* These fatal Honours my dire Dream foretold  
 Why should the Kind be ruin'd by the Bold?  
 He ne'er reflects upon my Destiny,  
 So careless of himself, undoing me.  
 Ah, *Claudia*! in my Visions so unskill'd,  
 He'll to the Army go, and there be kill'd,  
 Forgetful of my Love; he'll not afford  
 The easie Favour of a parting Word;  
 Of all my Wishes he's alone the Scope,  
 And he's the only End of all my Hope,  
 My fill of Joy, and what is yet above  
 Joys, Hopes, and Wishes.—He is all my Love:  
 Mysterious Honour, tell me what thou art!  
 That takes up different Forms in ev'ry Heart;  
 And dost to divers Ends and Interests move:  
 Conquest is his—my Honour is my Love.  
 Both these do Paths so oppositely chuse,  
 By following one, you must the other lose.  
 So two strait Lines, from the same Point begun,  
 Can never meet, tho' without end they run—  
 Alas, I rave!

*Lyc.* Look on thy Glory, Love, and smile to see  
 Two faithful Hearts at Strife for Victory!  
 Who blazing in thy sacred Fires contend,  
 While both their equal Flames to Heav'n ascend.  
 The God that dwells in Eyes light on my Tongue,  
 Lest in my Message I his Passion wrong;  
 You'll better guess the Anguish of his Heart,  
 From what you feel, than what I can impart;  
 But, Madam, know the Moment I was come,  
 His watchful Eye perceiv'd me in the Room;  
 When with a quick precipitated haste,  
 From *Cæsar's* Bosom where he stood embrac'd,  
 Piercing the busie Crowd to me he past—  
 Tears in his Eyes; his Orders in his Hand,  
 He scarce had Breath to give this short Command.  
 With thy best speed to my *Lucina* fly,  
 If I must part, unseen by her, I die;

Decrees

Decrees inevitably from above,  
 And Fate which takes too little care of Love,  
 Force me away: 'Tis my Request,  
 By those kind Fires she kindled in my Breast,  
 Our future Hopes, and all that we hold dear,  
 She instantly would come and see me here.  
 That parting Grievs to her I may reveal,  
 And on her Lips propitious Omens seal.  
 Affairs that press in this short space of time,  
 Afford no other Place without a Crime;  
 And that thou may'st not fail of wish'd for Ends,  
 In a Success whereon my Life depends,  
 Give her this Ring.

[Looks on the Ring.]

*Lucin.* How strange soever these Commands appear,  
 Love awes my Reason, and controlls my Fear.  
 But how couldst thou employ thy lavish Tongue  
 So idly, to be telling this so long;  
 When ev'ry Moment thou hast spent in vain,  
 Was half the Life that did to me remain.  
 Flatter me, Hope, and on my Wishes smile,  
 And make me happy yet a little while.  
 If through my Fears I can such Sorrow show,  
 As to convince I perish if he go:  
 Pity perhaps his gen'rous Heart may move,  
 To sacrifice his Glory to his Love.  
 I'll not Despair!  
 Who knows how eloquent these Eyes may prove,  
 Begging in Floods of Tears and Flames of Love.

[Exit Lucina.]

*Lyc.* Thanks to the Devil, my Friend, now all's our }  
 How easily this mighty Work was done! [crown,  
 Well! first or last all Women must be won—

- " It is their Fate, and cannot be withstood,
- " The Wife do still comply with Flesh and Blood;
- " Or if through peevish Honour, Nature fail,
- " They do but lose their Thanks; Art will prevail.

[Exit.]

SCENE



## SCENE IV

*Enter Acius pursuing Pontius, and Maximus following.*

**Max.** Temper your self, *Acius*.

**Pont.** Hold, my Lord—I am a Soldier and a Roman.

**Max.** Pray Sir! —

**Acius.** Thou art a lying Villain and a Traitor.

Give me my self, or by the Gods, my Friend,

You'll make me dangerous. How dar'st thou pluck

The Soldiers to Sedition, and I living?

And sow Seeds of rank Rebellion even then,

When I am drawing out to Action?

**Pont.** Hear me!

**Max.** Are you a Man?

**Acius.** I am true *Maximus*!

And if the Villain live, we are dishonour'd.

**Max.** But hear him what he can say!

**Acius.** That's the way

To pardon him; I am so easie Natur'd,

That if he speak but humbly, I forgive him.

**Pont.** I do beseech you, worthy General,

**Acius.** H'has found the way already! Give me room,

And if he 'scape me then, h'has Mercy.

**Pont.** I do not call you "Worthy, that I fear you;

never card for Death; if you will kill me,

Consider first for what; not what you can do:

'Tis true, I know you are my General;

and by that great Prerogative may kill.

**Acius.** He argues with me!

By Heav'n, a made-up finish'd Rebel.

**Max.** Pray consider what certain ground you have.

**Acius.** What Grounds?

Did I not take him preaching to the Soldiers,

was to serve a Prince so full of Softness?



These were his very Words, Sir.

*Max.* These! *Æcius*,  
Tho' they were rashly spoken, which was an Error,  
A great one, *Pontius*; yet from him that Hungers  
For War, and brave Employment, might be pardon'd,  
The Heart, and harbour'd Thoughts of ill, makes Traitors,  
Not spleeny Speeches——

*Æcius*. Why should you protect him?  
Go to——it scarce shews honest——

*Max.* Taint me not;  
For that shews worse; *Æcius*: All your Friendship,  
And that pretended Love you lay upon me,  
(Hold back my Honesty) is like a Favour,  
You do your Slave to Day——to Morrow hang him;  
Was I your Bosom-Friend for this?

*Æcius*. Forgive me!  
So zealous is my Duty for my Prince,  
That oft it makes me to forget myself;  
And tho' I strive to be without my Passion,  
I am no God, Sir: For you, whose Infection  
Has spread it self like Poison thro' the Army,  
And cast a killing Fog on fair Allegiance,  
First thank this Noble Gentleman; you had dy'd else;  
Next from your Place and Honour of a Soldier,  
I here seclude you.

*Pont.* May I speak yet?

*Max.* Hear him.

*Æcius*. And while *Æcius* holds a Reputation;  
At least Command, You bear no Arms for Rome, Sir.

*Pont.* Against her I shall never: The condemn'd Man  
Has yet the Privilege to speak, my Lord,  
Law were not equal else.

*Max.* Pray hear him, *Æcius*.  
For happily the Fault he has committed,  
Tho' I believe it mighty; yet consider'd,  
If Mercy may be thought upon, will prove  
Rather a hasty Sin than heinous.

*Æcius*. Speak.

*Pont.*

*Pont.* 'Tis true, my Lord, you took me tir'd with Peace,  
My Words as rough and ragged as my Fortune,  
Telling the Soldiers what a Man we serve,  
Led from us by the Flourines of Fencers;  
I blam'd him too for Softness.

*Æcius.* To the rest, Sir:

*Pont.* 'Tis true I told 'em too,  
We lay at home to shew our Country  
We durst go naked, durst want Meat and Money;  
And when the Slaves drink Wine, we durst be thirsty.  
I told 'em too, the Trees and Roots  
Were our best Pay-Masters.  
'Tis likely too, I counsell'd 'em to turn  
Their warlike Pikes to Plow-shares, their sure Targets,  
And Swords hatcht with the Blood of many Nations,  
To Spades and Pruning-Knives; their warlike  
Eagles, into Daws and Starlings.

*Æcius.* What think you?

Were these Words to be spoken by a Captain,  
One that should give Example?

*Max.* 'Twas too much.

*Pont.* My Lord, I did not Wooe him from the Empire,  
Nor bid 'em turn their daring Steel against *Cæsar*;  
The Gods for ever hate me, if that Motion  
Were part of me: Give me but Employment,  
And way to live, and where you find me vicious,  
Bred up to Mutiny, my Sword shall tell you,  
And if you please that Place I held maintain it,  
'Gainst the most daring Foes of *Rome*: I'm honest,  
A Lover of my Country, one that holds  
His Life no longer his, than kept for *Cæsar*.  
Weigh not—(I thus low on my Knees beseech you!)  
What my rude Tongue discover'd, 'twas my Want,  
No other part of *Pontius*. You have seen me,  
And you, my Lord, do something for my Country,  
And both the Wounds I gave and took,  
Not like a backward Traitor.



*Æcius.* All your Language  
Makes but against you, *Pontius.* You are cast,  
And by my Honour, and my Loye to *Cesar*,  
By me shall never be restor'd in Camp:  
I will not have a Tongue, tho' to himself,  
Dare talk but near Sedition: As I govern,  
All shall obey, and when they want, their Duty  
And ready Service shall redress their Needs,  
Not prating what they would be.

*Pont.* Thus I leave you;  
Yet shall my Pray'rs, altho' my wretched Fortune  
Must follow you no more, be still about you.  
Gods give you where you fight the Victory.  
You cannot cast my Wishes.

*Æcius.* Come, my Lord;  
Now to the Field again.

*Max.* Alas, poor *Pontius*! [Exit.]

*The End of the Third Act.*

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

*Enter Chylax at one Door, Lycinius and Balbus*  
*at another.*

*Lycin.* **H**OW now!  
*Chyl.* She's come

*Bal.* Then I'll to the Emperor. [Exit Bal.]

*Chyl.* Is the Musick plac'd well?

*Lycin.* Excellent.

*Chyl.* *Lycinius*, you and *Proculus* receive 'em  
In the great Chamber, at her Entrance.

*Lycin.* Let us alone.

*Chyl.* And do you hear, *Lycinius*,  
Pray let the Women ply her farther off,  
And with much more Discretion, One Word more,  
Are all the Maskers ready?

*Lycin.* Take no care, Man. [Exit.]

*Chyl.*



*Chyl.* I am all over in a sweat with Pimping.  
Tis a laborious moiling Trade this—

*Enter Emperor, Balbus and Proculus.*

*Emp.* Is she come?

*Chyl.* She is, Sir! but 'twere best  
That you were last seen to her.

*Emp.* So I mean.

Keep your Court empty. *Proculus.*

*Proc.* 'Tis done, Sir.

*Emp.* Be not too sudden to her.

*Chyl.* Good sweet Sir,

Retire and Man your self: Let us alone.

We are no Children this way: One thing, Sir,

'Tis necessary, that her She-Companions

Be cut off in the Lobby by the Women.

They'll break the Business else.

*Emp.* 'Tis true: They shall.

*Chyl.* Remember your Place. *Proculus.*

*Proc.* I warrant you. *Ex. Emp. Balb. and Proc.*

*Enter Lucina, Claudia, Marcellina and Lycias.*

*Chyl.* She enters! Who waits there?

The Emperor calls for his Chariots, he will take the Air.

*Lucin.* I am glad I came in such a happy Hour

When he'll be absent: This removes all Fears;

But *Lycias*, lead me to my Lord.

Heav'n grant he be not gone.

*Lyc.* Faith, Madam, that's uncertain!

I'll run and see. But if you miss my Lord,

And find a better to supply his Room,

A Change so happy will not discontent you—

*Luc.* What means that unwonted Insolence of this

Now I begin to fear again. Oh—Honour,

If ever thou hadst Temple in weak Woman?

And Sacrifice of Modesty offer'd to thee?

Hold me fast now, and I'll be safe for ever.

*Cbyl.* The Fair *Lucina*? Nay, then I find  
Our slander'd Court has not stand up so high  
To fright all the good Angels from its Care,  
Since they have sent so great a Blessing hither.  
Madam—I beg th' Advantage of my Fortune,  
Who as I am the first have met you here,  
May humbly hope to be made proud and happy  
With the Honour of your first Command and Service.

*Lucin.* Sir, I am so far from knowing how to merit  
Your Service, that your Compliment's too much,  
And I return it you with all my Heart.

You'll want it, Sir, for those who know you better.

*Cbyl.* Madam, I have the Honour to be own'd  
By *Maximus*, for his most humble Servant,  
Which gives me Confidence.

*Marc.* Now, *Claudia*, for a Wager  
What thing is this that cringes to my Lady?

*Claud.* Why, some grave Statesman,  
By his Looks a Courtier.

*Marc.* *Claudia*, a Bawd: By all my Hopes a Bawd!  
What use can reverend Gravity be of here,  
To any but a Trusty Bawd?

Statesmen are mark'd for Fops by it; besides  
Nothing but Sin and Laziness could make him  
So very fat, and look so sleekly on't.

*Lucin.* But is my Lord not gone yet, do you say, Sir?

*Cbyl.* He is not, Madam, and must take this kindly,  
Exceeding kindly of you, would fous kindly,  
You come so far to visit him. I'll guide you.

*Lucin.* Whither?

*Cbyl.* Why, to my Lord.

*Lucin.* Is it impossible

To find him in this Place without a Guide,  
For I would willingly not trouble you?

*Cbyl.* My only Trouble, Madam, is my Fear,  
I'm too unworthy of so great an Honour.  
But here you're in the publick Gallery,  
Where th' Emperor must pass, unless you'd see him.



*Luc.* Bless me, Sir, — No — pray lead me any whither;  
My Lord cannot be long before he finds me. *[Exit.*

*Enter* Lycinius, Proculus and Balbus. *Music.*

*Lycm.* She's coming up the Stairs; now the Musick;  
And as that softens — her Love will grow warm;  
Till she melts down. Then *Cæsar* lays his Stamp;  
Burn these Perfumes there.

*Proc.* Peace, no Noise without.

## A S O N G

*Nymph.*

**I**njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,  
Canst thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know?  
Since of my self from thee I cannot part,  
Invent some gentle way to let me go.

For what with Joy thou didst obtain,

And I with more did give,

In time will make thee false and vain,

And me unfit to live.

*Shepherd.*

Frail Angel, that wou'dst leave a Heart forlorn,  
With vain Pretence Falshood therein might lye;  
Seek not to cast wild Shadows o'er your Scorn;  
You cannot sooner change than I can die.

To tedious Life I'll never fall,

Thrown from thy dear-lov'd Breast;

He merits not to live at all,

Who cares to live unblest.

*Chorus.*

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd;

While in that sacred Fire,

E'er thou prove false, or I unkind,

Together both expire.



*Enter Chylax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.*

*Lucin.* Where is this Wretch, this Villain *Lycius*?  
Pray Heav'n my Lord be here; for now I fear it.  
I am certainly betray'd. This cursed Ring  
Is either counterfeit or stol'n.

*Claudia.* Your Fear  
Does but disarm your Resolution,  
Which may defend you in the worst Extremis:  
Or if that fail, Are there not Gods and Angels?

*Lucin.* None in this Place, I fear, but Evil ones.  
Heav'n pity me!

*Chyl.* But tell me, dearest Madam,  
How do you like the Song?

*Lucin.* Sir, I am no Judge  
Of Musick, and the Words, I thank my Gods,  
I did not understand.

*Chyl.* The Emperor  
Has the best Talent at expounding 'em;  
You'll ne'er forget a Lesson of his teaching.

*Lucin.* Are you the worthy Friend of *Maximus*;  
Would lead me to him? He shall thank you, Sir,  
As you desire.

*Chyl.* Madam, he shall not need,  
I have a Master will reward my Service,  
When you have made him happy with your Love,  
For which he hourly languishes—Be kind—*[Whisper]*

*Lucin.* The Gods shall kill me first.

*Chyl.* Think better on't.  
'Tis sweeter dying in the Emperor's Arms.

*Enter Phorba and Ardelia.*

But here are Ladies come to see you, Madam,  
They'll ascertain you better. I but tire you;  
Therefore I'll leave you for a while, and bring  
Your lov'd Lord to you—*[Exit.]*

*Lucin.* Then I'll thank you.  
I am betray'd for certain.

*Phorb.*

*Phorb.* You are a welcome Woman.

*Ard.* Bless me, Heaven!

How did you find your way to Court?

*Lucin.* I know not; would I had never find it.

*Phorb.* Prithee tell me, — [Call *Emp.* behind]

Good pretty Lady, and dear sweet Heart, love us,

For we love thee extremely. Is not this Place

A Paradise to live in?

*Lucin.* Yes, to you.

Who know no Paradise but guilty Pleasure.

*Ard.* Heard you the Musick yet?

*Lucin.* 'Twas none to me.

*Phorb.* You must not be thus froward. Well, this Gown

Is one o'th' prettiest, by my Troth, —

I ever saw yet; 'twas not made to frown on, Madam.

You put this Gown on when you came.

*Ard.* How d'ye?

Alas, poor Wretch, how cold it is!

*Lucin.* Content you.

I am as well as may be, and as temperate.

So you will let me be so. — Where's my Lord?

For that's the Business I came for hither.

*Phorb.* We'll lead you to him; he's in Gallery.

*Ard.* We'll shew you all the Court too.

*Lucin.* Shew me him.

And you have shew'd me all I come to look on.

*Phorb.* Come on, we'll be your Guides; and as you go,

We have some pretty Tales to tell you, Madam.

Shall make you merry too. You come no hither

To be sad, *Lucina.*

*Lucin.* Would I might not. — [Exit]

*Enter, Chylax and Balbus in haste.*

*Chyl.* Now see all ready, *Balbus*, run.

*Balb.* I fly, Boy. — [Exit]

*Chyl.* The Women by this time are warning of her, I

If she holds out them, the Emperor

Takes her to Task — he has her — Hark, I hear 'em.

*Enter*



*Enter Emperor drawing in Lucina. Ring.*

*Emp.* Would you have run away so flily, Madam?

*Lucin.* I beseech you, Sir,  
Consider what I am, and whose.

*Emp.* I do so.  
For what you are, I am fill'd with such Amaze,  
So far transported with Desire and Love,  
My slippery Soul flows to you while I speak:  
And whose you are, I care not, for now you are mine,  
Who love you, and will doat on you more  
Than you do on your Virtue.

*Lucin.* Sacred Caesar!

*Emp.* You shall not kneel to me; rise.

*Lucin.* Look upon me,  
And if you be so cruel to abuse me,  
Think how the Gods will take it. Does this Face  
Afflict your Soul? I'll hide it from you ever;  
Nay more, I will become so leprous,  
That you shall curse me from you. My dear Lord  
Has ever serv'd you truly — fought your Battels,  
As if he daily long'd to die for Caesar;  
Was never Traitor, Sir, nor never tainted,  
In all the Actions of his Life.

*Emp.* How high does this fantastick Virtue swell?  
She thinks it Infamy to please too well. *[Aside.]*  
I know it. *[To her.]*

*Lucin.* His Merits and his Fame have grown together,  
Together flourish'd like two spreading Cedars,  
Over the Roman Diadem. O let not  
(As you have a Heart that's Human in you)  
The having of an honest Wife decline him;  
Let not my Virtue be a Wedge to break him,  
Much less my Shame his undeserv'd Dishonour.  
I do not think you are so bad a Man;  
I know Report belies you; you are Caesar,  
Which is the Father of the Empire's Glory:  
You are too near the Nature of the Gods,

To



To wrong the weakest of all Creatures, Women.

*Emp.* I dare not do it here. [*Aside.*] Rise fair *Lucina*,  
When you believe me worthy, make me happy.

*Chylax*; wait on her to her Lord within.

Wipe your Fair Eyes — *Ex. Chyl. and Lucin.*

Ah Love! ah cursed Boy!

Where art thou that torments me thus unseen,

And ragest with thy Fires within my Breast,

With idle purpose to inflame her Heart,

Which is as inaccessible and cold,

As the proud Tops of those aspiring Hills,

Whose Heads are wrapt in everlasting Snow,

Tho' the hot Sun roll o'er 'em ev'ry Day?

And as his Beams, which only shine above,

Scorch and consume in Regions round below,

Soft Love, which throws such Brightness thro' her Eyes,

Leaves her Heart cold, and burns me at her Feet;

My Tyrant, but her flattering Slave thou art,

A Glory round her lovely Face, a Fire within my Heart.

Who waits without? *Lycinus*?

*Enter Lycinus.*

*Lycin.* My Lord.

*Emp.* Where are the Maskers that should Dance to Night?

*Lycin.* In the old Hall, Sir, going now to practise.

*Emp.* About it strait. 'Twill serve to draw away  
Those list'ning Fools who trace it in the Gallery,  
And if by chance odd Noises should be heard,  
As Women's Shrieks, or so; say 'tis a Play  
Is practicing within.

*Lycin.* The Rape of *Lucrece*, or some such merry Prank.  
It shall be done, Sir. [*Exit*]

*Emp.* 'Tis nobler, like a Lion, to invade  
Where Appetite directs, and seize my Prey,  
Than to wait tamely, like a begging Dog,  
'Till dull Consent throws out the Scraps of Love.

I scorn those Gods who seek to cross my Wishes;  
And will in spite of 'em be happy: Force,  
Of all the Powers, is the most generous; For

For what that gives, it freely does bestow,  
 Without the After-Bribe of Gratitude,  
 I'll plunge into a Sea of my Desires,  
 And quench my Fever, tho' I drown my Fame;  
 And tear up my Pleasure by the Roots: No matter  
 (Tho' it never grow again) what shall ensue,  
 Let Gods and Fate look to it: 'tis their Business. [Exit]

**SCENE III.** *Opens and discovers Five or Six  
 Dancing-Masters practising.*

1 *Danc.* That is the damn'dst Shuffling Step  
 Pox on't.

2 *Danc.* I shall never hit it.  
 Thou hast naturally  
 All the great Motions of a merry Tailor,  
 Ten Thousand Riggles with thy Toes inward,  
 Cut clear and strong: let thy Limbs play about thee;  
 Keep Time, and hold thy Back upright and firm:  
 It may prefer thee to a Waiting Woman.

1 *Danc.* Or to her Lady, which is worse. [Ten Dance.]

*Enter Lycinius.*

*Lycin.* Bless me! the loud Shrieks and horrid Outcries  
 Of the poor Lady! Ravishing d'y'e call it?  
 She roars as if she were upon the Rack;  
 'Tis strange there should be such a Difference  
 Betwixt half Ravishing, which most Women love,  
 And thorough Force, which takes away all Blame;  
 And should be therefore welcome to the Virtuous.  
 These tumbling Rogues, I fear, have over-heard'em;  
 But their Ears with their Brains are in their Heels.  
 Good-morrow, Gentlemen:  
 What, is all perfect? I have taken care  
 Your Habits shall be rich and glorious.

3 *Danc.* That will set off. Pray sit down and see,  
 How the last Entry I have made will please you.

*Second*



Second Dance.

Lycin. 'Tis very fine indeed.

2 Danc. I hope so, Sir—

Enter Chylax, Proculus and Lycias.

Proc. 'Tis done, Lycinus.

Lycin. How?

Proc. I blush to tell it.

If there be any Justice, we are Villains,  
And must be so rewarded.

Lycin. Since 'tis done,  
Take, it is not time now to repent it,  
Let's make the best of our Trade.

Chyl. Now Vengeance take it:  
Why should not he have settled on a Beauty,  
Whose Modesty stuck in a Piece of Tissue:  
Or one a Ring might rule? Or such a one  
That had a Husband itching to be honourable,  
And Ground toget it, if he must have Women,  
And no allay without them? Why not those  
That know the Mystery, and are best able  
To play a Game with Judgment? Such as she is,  
Grant they be won with long Siege, endless Travel;  
And brought to Opportunities with Millions,  
Yet when they come to Motion, their cold Virtue  
Keeps 'em like Beds of Snow.

Lycin. A good Whore  
Had sav'd all this, and happily as wholesome,  
And the thing once done, as well thought of too.  
But this same Chastity, forsooth.

Chyl. A Pox on't  
Why should not Women be as free as we are?  
They are, but will not own it, and far freer:  
And the more bold you bear your self, more welcome;  
And there is nothing you dare say, but Truth,  
But they dare hear.

Proc. No doubt of it—away,  
Let them, who can repent, go home and pray. [Exeunt.]

Scene



*Scene opens, discovers the Emperor's Chamber;  
Lucina newly unbound by the Emperor.*

*Emp.* Your only Virtue now is Patience,  
Be Wise, and save your Honour; if you talk —

*Lucin.* As long as there is Life in this Body,  
And Breath to give me Words, I'll cry for Justice.

*Emp.* Justice will never hear you; I am Justice.

*Lucin.* Wilt thou not kill me, Monster, Ravisher,  
Thou bitter Bane o'th' Empire, look upon me,  
And if thy guilty Eyes dare see the Ruins  
Thy wild Lust hath laid level with Dishonour,  
The Sacrilegious razing of that Temple,  
The Tempter to thy Black Sins would have blisht at,  
Behold, and curse thy self, The Gods will find thee,  
That's all my Refuge now, for they are righteous;  
Vengeance and Horror circle thee. The Empire,  
In which thou liv'st a strong continu'd Surfeit,  
Like Poison will disgorge thee; good Men raze thee  
From ever being read again;  
Chast Wives and fearful Maids make Vows against thee;  
Thy worst Slaves, when they hear of this, shall hate  
thee,

And those thou hast corrupted, first fall from thee,  
And if thou let'st me live the Soldier,  
Tir'd with the Tyrannies break thro' Obedience,  
And shake his strong Steel at thee.

*Emp.* This prevails not,  
Nor any Agony you utter, Madam:  
If I have done a Sin, curse her that drew me;  
Curse the first Cause, the Witchcraft that abus'd me;  
Curse your fair Eyes, and curse that heavenly Beauty,  
And curse your being good too.

*Lucin.* Glorious Thief!  
What Restitution canst thou make to save me?

*Emp.* I'll ever love — and ever honour you.

*Lucin.* Thou canst not;

For

For that which was my Honour, thou hast murder'd;  
And can there be a Love in Violence?

*Emp.* You shall be only mine.

*Lucin.* Yet I like better

Thy Villany than Flattery; that's thy own,  
The other basely counterfeit. Fly from me,  
Or for thy Safety's sake and Wisdom kill me;  
For I am worse than thou art: Thou may'st pray,  
And so recover Grace—I am lost for ever;

And if thou let'st me live, thou'rt lost thy self too.

*Emp.* I fear no Loss but Love—I stand above it.

*Lucin.* Gods! What a wretched thing has this Man  
made me?

For I am now no Wife for *Maximus*;

No Company for Women that are Virtuous;

No Family I now can claim, or Country,

Nor Name but *Cæsar's* Whore: Oh, sacred *Cæsar*!

(For that should be your Title) was your Empire,

Your Rods and Axes that are Types of Justice,

And from the Gods themselves—to ravish Women.

The Curses that I owe to Enemies, even those the *Sabines*  
sent,

When *Romulus* (as thou hast me) ravish'd their Noble

Made more and heavier light on thee

[Maids]

*Emp.* This helps not.

*Lucin.* The Sins of *Tarquin* be remember'd in thee,

And where there has a chaste VVife been abus'd,

Let it be thine, the Shame thine, thine the Slaughter,

And last for ever thine the fear'd Example.

VVhere shall poor Virtue live, now I am fallen?

VVhat can your Honours now and Empire make me?

But a more glorious VVhore?

*Emp.* A better VVoman.

If you be blind and scorn it, who can help it?

Come leave these Lamentations; you do nothing

But make a noise—I am the same Man still,

VVere it to do again: Therefore be wiser; by all

This holy Light I would attempt it.

You



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You are so excellent, and made to ravish;  
There were no Pleasure in you else.

*Lucin.* Oh Villain!

*Emp.* So bred for Man's Amazement, that my Reason  
And every Help to do me right, has left me;  
The God of Love himself had been before me;  
Had he but Eyes to see you, tell me justly,  
How should I chuse but err, — then if you will  
Be mine, and only mine, for (you are so precious)  
I envy any other should enjoy you,  
Almost look on you, and your daring Husband  
Shall know he has kept an Off'ring from th' Emperor,  
Too holy for the Altars — Be the greatest;  
More than my self I'll make you; if you will not,  
Sit down with this and Silence; for which Wisdom,  
You shall have use of me; if you divulge it,  
Know, I am far above the Faults I do;  
And those I do, I am able to forgive;  
And were your Credit in the telling of it  
May be with Gloss enough suspected,  
Mine is as my own Command shall make it. Princes,  
Tho' they be sometimes subject to loose Whispen,  
Yet wear they Two-edg'd Swords for open Censures;  
Your Husband cannot help you, nor the Soldiers;  
Your Husband is my Creature, they my Weapons,  
And only, where I bid 'em strike — I feed 'em.  
Nor can the Gods be angry at this Action,  
Who as they made me greatest, meant me happiest,  
Which I had never been without this Pleasure.  
Consider, and farewell. You'll find your Women  
Waiting without. [Ex. Emperor.]

*Lucin.* Destruction find thee.

Now which way shall I go — my honest House  
Will shake to shelter me — my Husband fly me,  
My Family,  
Because they're honest, and desire to be so.  
Is this the End of Goodness? This the Price  
Of all my early Pray'rs to protect me?

Why



Why then I see there is no God—but Power;—  
Nor Virtue now alive that cares for us;  
But what is either lame or sensual;  
How had I been thus wretched else?

*Enter Maximus and Æcius.*

*Æcius.* Let *Titus*  
Command the Company that *Pontius* lost.

*Max.* How now, sweet Heart?  
What make you here, and thus?

*Æcius.* *Lucina* weeping.  
This is some strange Offence.

*Max.* Look up and tell me.  
Why art thou thus? my Ring! Oh Friend,  
I have found it! you are at Court, then.

*Lucin.* This, and that vile Wretch *Lycias*,  
Brought me hither.

*Max.* Rise and go home. I have my Fears, *Æcius*!  
Oh my best Friend! I am ruin'd. Go, *Lucina*,  
Already in thy Tears I've read thy Wrongs.  
Already found a *Cæsar*? Go, thou Lilly,  
Thou sweetly drooping Flower; begone, I say,  
And if thou dar'st—outlive this Wrong.

*Lucin.* I dare not.

*Æcius.* Is that the Ring you lost?

*Max.* That, that, *Æcius*,  
That cursed Ring, my self  
And all my Fortunes have undone.

Thus pleas'd th' Emperor, my Noble Master,  
For all my Service and Dangers for him,  
To make me my own Pander! was this Justice?

Oh my *Æcius*! have I liv'd to bear this!

*Lucin.* Farewel for ever, Sir.

*Max.* That's a sad Saying;  
But such a one becomes you well, *Lucina*.

And yet, methinks, we should not part so slightly;  
Our Loves have been of longer growth, more rooted  
Than the sharp Blast of one fatewel can scatter.

Kiss me—I find no *Cæsar* here. These Lips,  
Taste not of Ravisher, in my Opinion.  
Was it not so?

*Lucin.* Oyes.

*Max.* I dare believe you.

I know him, and thy Truth too well to doubt it,  
Oh my most dear *Lucina*! Oh my Comfort!  
Thou Blessing of my Youth! Life of my Life!

*Æcius.* I have seen enough to stagger my Obedience.  
Hold me, ye equal Gods! this is too sinful.

*Max.* Why wert thou chosen out to make a Whore of,  
Thou only among Millions of thy Sex?  
Unfeignedly Virtuous! fall, fall Chrystal Fountains,  
And ever feed your Streams, your rising Sorrows,  
'Till you have wept your Mistress into Marble.  
Now go for ever from me.

*Lucin.* A long Farewel, Sir!

And as I have been faithful, Gods, think on me.

*Æcius.* Madam, farewel, since you resolve to die.  
Which well consider'd,  
If you can cease a while from these strange Thoughts,  
I wish were rather alter'd.

*Lucin.* No.

*Æcius.* Mistake not:

I would not stain your Virtue for the Empire,  
Nor any way decline you to Dishonour:  
It is not my Profession, but a Villain's:  
I find and feel your Loss as deep as you do,  
And still am the same *Æcius*, still as honest;  
The same Life I have still for *Maximus*,  
The same Sword wear for you where Justice bids me,  
And 'ts no dull one. Therefore misconceive me not.  
Only I'd have you live a little longer.

*Lucin.* Alas, Sir! Why,  
Am I not wretched enough already?

*Æcius.* To draw from that wild Man, a sweet Repentance?

And Goodness in his Days to come.

*Max.*

*Max.* They are so,  
And will be ever coming, my *Æcius*. [senting

*Æcius.* For who knows, but the sight of you, pre-  
His sworn Sins at the full, and your wrong'd Virtue,  
May, like a fearful Vision, fright his Follies,  
And once more bend him right again, which Blessing,  
If your dark Wrongs would give you leave to read,  
Is more than Death, and the Reward more glorious;  
Death only eases you; This the whole Empire.

Besides, compell'd and forc'd by Violence  
To what was done, the Deed was none of yours:  
For should th'Eternal Gods desire to perish,  
Because we daily violate their Truth,

Which is the Chastity of Heav'n? No, Madam—

*Lucin.* The Tongues of Angels cannot alter me,  
For, could the World again restore my Honour,  
As Fair and Absolute as e'er I bred it,  
That World I should not trust; again, the Emperor  
Can by my Life get nothing, but my Story,  
Which whilst I breathe must be his Infamy:  
And where you counsel me to live, that *Cæsar*  
May see his Errors and repent; I'll tell you,  
His Penitence is but increase of Pleasure;  
His Pray'rs are never said but to deceive us;  
And when he weeps (as you think, for his Vices)  
'Tis but as killing Drops from baleful Yew-trees,  
That rot his harmless Neighbours: If he can grieve;  
As one that yet desires his free Conversion,  
I'll leave him Robes to Mourn in—my sad Ashes.

*Æcius.* The Farewel then of happy Souls be with thee:  
And to thy Memory be ever sung,  
The Praises of a just and constant Woman:  
This sad Day whilst I live a Soldier's Tears,  
I'll offer on thy Monument.

*Max.* All that is chaste upon thy Tomb shall flourish;  
All living Epitaphs be thine: Times Story,  
And what is left behind to piece our Lives,  
Shall be no more abus'd with Tales and Trifles.



*Æcius.* But full of thee stand to Eternity,  
Once more farewell—Go, find *Elizium*,  
There where deserving Souls are crown'd with Blessings.

*Max.* There where no vicious Tyrants come:  
Truth, Honour,  
Are Keepers of that blest Place; go thither. [Ex. Luc.

*Æcius.* Gods give thee Justice.  
His Thoughts begin to work, I fear him yet;  
He ever was a worthy *Roman*, but  
I know not what to think on't. He has suffer'd  
Beyond a Man, if he stand this.

*Max. Æcius,*  
Am I alive, or has a dead Sleep seiz'd me?  
It was my Wife th' Emperor abus'd thus,  
And I must say—I am glad I had her for him.  
Must I not, *Æcius*?

*Æcius.* I am stricken  
With such a stiff Amazement, that no Answer  
Can readily come from me, nor no Comfort.  
Will you go home, or go to my House?

*Max.* Neither. I have no home, and you're mad, *Æcius*,  
To keep me Company—I am a Fellow,  
My own Sword would forsake, not ty'd to me.  
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing.

*Æcius.* You do better.

*Max.* I am made a branded Slave, *Æcius*.  
Yet I must bless the Maker.  
Death on my Soul shall I endure this tamely?  
Must *Maximus* be mention'd for his Wrong?  
I am a Child too; what do I do railing?  
I cannot mend my self. 'Twas *Cæsar* did it.  
And what am I to him?

*Æcius.* 'Tis well remember'd;  
However you are tainted, be no Traitor.

*Max.* O that thou wert not living, and my Friend!

*Æcius.* I'll bear a wary Eye upon your Actions:  
I fear you, *Maximus*, nor can I blame you,  
If you break out; for, by the Gods, your Wrong

Deserves a general Ruin. Do you love me?

*Max.* That's all I have to live on.

*Æcius.* Then go with me.

You shall not to your own House.

*Max.* Nor to any.

My Grievs are greater far than Walls can compass;

And yet I wonder how it happens with me.

I am not dang'rous, and in my Conscience,

Should I now see the Emperor i'th' heat on't,

I should scarce blame him for't; an Awe runs thro' me,

I feel it sensibly, that binds me to it,

'Tis at my Heart now, there it sits and rules,

And methinks 'tis a Pleasure to obey it.

*Æcius.* This is a Mask to cozen me, I know you,

And how far you dare do. No Roman farther,

Nor with more fearless Valour, and I'll watch you.

*Max.* Is a Wife's Loss —

More than the fading of a few fresh Colours?

*Æcius.* No more, *Maximus*, to one that truly lives.

*Max.* Why then I care not, I can live well enough,

*Æcius.* for look you, Friend, for Virtue and those Trifles,

They may be bought they say.

*Æcius.* He's craz'd a little.

His Grief has made him talk things from his Nature.

Will you go any ways?

*Max.* I'll tell thee, Friend,

If my Wife for all this should be a Whore now,

'Twould vex me:

For I am not angry yet. The Emperor

Is young and handsom, and the Woman Flesh,

And may not these two couple without scratching?

*Æcius.* Alas, my *Maximus*!

*Max.* Alas not me, I am not wretched, for

There's no Man miserable, but he

That makes himself so.

*Æcius.* Will you walk yet?

*Max.* Come, come; she dares not die, Friend,

That's the Truth on't.

She knows the enticing Sweets and Delicacies  
Of a Young Prince's Pleasure, and, I thank her,  
She has made way for *Maximus* to rise.  
Will't not become me bravely?

*Æcius.* Dearest Friend,  
These wild Words shew your violated Mind,  
Urg'd with the last extremity of Grief;  
Which since I cannot like a Man redress,  
With Tears I must lament it like a Child;  
For when 'tis *Cæsar* does the Injury,  
Sorrow is all the Remedy I know.

*Max.* 'Tis then a certain Truth that I am wrong'd,  
Wrong'd in that barb'rous manner I imagin'd.  
Alas! I was in Hopes I had been mad,  
And that these Horrors which invade my Heart,  
Were but distracted melancholy Whimfies;  
But they are real Truths (it seems) and I  
The last of Men, and vilest of all Beings.  
Bear me cold Earth, who am too weak to move  
Beneath my load of Shame and Misery!  
Wrong'd by my lawful Prince, robb'd of my Love,  
Branded with everlasting Infamy.  
Take Pity Fate, and give me leave to die:  
Gods! would you be ador'd for being good,  
Or only fear'd for proving mischievous?  
How would you have your Mercy understood?  
Who could create a Wretch like *Maximus*,  
Ordain'd, tho' guiltless, to be Infamous?  
Supream first Causes! you, whence all things flow,  
Whose Infiniteness does each little fill,  
You who decree each seeming Chance below,  
(So great in Power) were you as good in Will,  
How could you ever have produc'd such Ill?  
Had your Eternal Minds been bent to Good?  
Could Human Happiness have prov'd so lame,  
Rapine, Revenge, Injustice, Thirst of Blood,  
Grief, Anguish, Horror, Want, Despair and Shame,  
Had never found a Being nor a Name.



'Tis therefore less Impiety to say,  
 Evil with you has Co-eternity,  
 Than blindly taking it the other way,  
 That merciful, and of Election free,  
 You did create the Mischiefs you foresee.  
 Wretch that I am, on Heav'n to exclaim,  
 When this poor Tributary Worm below,  
 More than my self in nothing but in Name,  
 Who durst invade me with this fatal Blow,  
 I dare not crush in the Revenge I owe.  
 Not all his Power shall the wild Monster save;  
 Him and my Shame I'll tread into one Grave.

*Æcius.* Does he but seem so?  
 Or is he mad indeed? — Now to reprove him  
 Were Counsel lost; but something must be done,  
 With speed and care, which may prevent that Fate,  
 Which threatens this unhappy Emperor.

*Max.* O Gods! my Heart, would it would fairly break;  
 Methinks I am somewhat wilder than I was,  
 And yet I thank the Gods, I know my Duty.

*Enter Claudia.*

*Claud.* Forgive me my sad Tidings, Sir—She's dead.

*Max.* Why so it should be— [*He rises.*] How?

*Claud.* When first she enter'd  
 Into the House, after a World of Weeping,  
 And blushing like the Sun-set—  
 Dare I, said she, defile my Husband's House,  
 Wherein his spotless Family has flourish'd?  
 At this she fell—Choak'd with a Thousand Sighs!  
 And now the pleas'd expiring Saint,  
 Her dying Looks, where new-born Beauty shines,  
 Oppress'd with Blushes, modestly declines,  
 While Death approach'd with a Majestick Grace,  
 Proud to look lovely once in such a Face:  
 Her Arms spread to receive her welcome Guest,  
 With a glad Sigh she drew into her Breast:  
 Her Eyes then languishing towards Heav'n she cast,

To thank the Powers that Death was come at last.  
And at the approach of the cold silent God,  
Ten Thousand hidden Glories rush'd abroad.

*Max.* No more of this—Be gone Now, my *Æcius*,  
If thou wilt do me Pleasure, weep a little;  
I am so parch'd I cannot—Your Example  
Hast taught my Tears to flow—Now lead away, Friend,  
And as we walk together—Let us pray,  
I may not fall from Truth.

*Æcius.* That's nobly spoken.

*Max.* Was I not wild, *Æcius*?

*Æcius.* You were troubled.

*Max.* I felt no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,  
Like festering Wounds grown cold, begins to smart,  
The raging Anguish gnaws and tears my Heart.  
Lead on and weep, but do not name the Woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The End of the Fourth Act.*

## ACT V. SCENE I

*Æcius solus. A Letter.*

*Æci.* **L**ook Down, ye equal Gods, and guide my Heart,  
Or it will throw upon my Hand an Act  
Which after-Ages shall Record with Horror:  
As well may I kill my offended Friend,  
As think to punish my offending Prince.  
The Laws of Friendship we our selves create,  
And 'tis but simple Villany to break 'em;  
But Faith to Princes broke, is Sacrilege,  
An injury to the Gods; and that lost Wretch,  
Whose Breast is poison'd with so vile a Purpose,  
Tears Thunder down from Heav'n on his own Head,  
And leaves a Curse to his Posterity:

Judge

Judge him your selves, ye mighty Gods, who know,  
 Why you permit sometimes that Honour bleed,  
 That Faith be broke, and Innocence oppress'd.  
 My Duty's my Religion, and howe'er,  
 The great Account may rise 'twixt him and you,  
 Through all his Crimes, I see your Image on him,  
 And must protect it no way then but this,  
 To draw far off the injur'd *Maximus*.  
 And keep him there fast a Prisoner to my Friendship;  
 Revenge shall thus be flatter'd or destroy'd,  
 And my bad Master whom I blush to serve,  
 Shall by my means at least be safe. This Letter  
 Informs him I am gone to *Egypt*,  
 There I shall live secure and innocent;  
 His Sins shall ne'er o'ertake me, nor his Fears.

*Enter Proculus.*

Here comes one for my Purpose. *Proculus*,  
 Well met, I have a Courtesie to ask of you.

*Pro.* Of me, my Lord! Is there a House on Fire?  
 Or is there some knotty Point now in Debate,  
 Betwixt your Lordship and the Scavengers?  
 For you have such a popular and publick Spirit,  
 As in dull Times of Peace will not disdain  
 The meanest Opportunity to serve your Country.

*Æc.* You witty Fools are apt to get your Heads broke;  
 This is no Season for Buffooning, Sirrah;  
 Though heretofore I tamely have endur'd  
 Before th'Emperor your ridiculous Mirth,  
 Think not you have a Title to be sawcy;  
 When Monkeys grow mischievous, they are whipt,  
 Chain'd up and whipt. There has been mischief done,  
 And you (I hear) a wretched Instrument:  
 Look to't, when e'er I draw this Sword to punish,  
 You, and your grinning Crew will tremble Slaves;  
 Nor shall the ruin'd World afford a Corner  
 To shelter you, nor that poor Prince's Bosom.

You



You have envenom'd and polluted so;  
As if the Gods were willing it should be  
A Dungeon, for such Toads to crawl and croak in.

*Proc.* All this in earnest to your humblest Creature?  
Nay then, my Lord I must no more pretend,  
With my poor Talent to divert your Ears;  
Since my well meaning Mirth is grown offensive.  
Tho' Heav'n can tell,  
There's not so low an Act of Servile Duty,  
I would not with more Pride throw my self on,  
For great *Æcius's* sake, than gain a Province,  
Or share with *Valentinian* in his Empire.

*Æcius.* Thou art so fawning and so mean a Villain,  
That I disdain to hate, tho' I despise thee;  
When e'er thou art not fearful, thou art fawcy;  
Be so again, my Pardon gives thee leave,  
And to deserve it, carry this my Letter  
To the Emperor: Tell him I am gone for *Ægypt*,  
And with me, *Maximus*; 'twas scarce fit we two  
Should take our leaves of him: Pray use your Interest,  
He may forgive us. 'Twill concern you much,  
For when we are gone, to be base vicious Villains,  
Will prove less dang'rous—— [Exit *Æcius*]

*Proc.* What the Devil possesses  
This rusty Back and Breast without a Head-Piece?  
Villains and Vicious! *Maximus* and *Ægypt*!  
This may be Treason, or I'll make it so:  
The Emperor's apt enough to Fears and Jealousies,  
Since his late Rape. I must blow up the Fire,  
And aggravate this doting Hero's Notions,  
'Till they such Terrors in the Prince have bred,  
May cost the Fool his worst part, that's his Head.

[Exit.]

Scene

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Emperor, Lycinius, Chylax and Balbus.*

*Emp.* Dead.

*Balb.* 'Tis too certain.

*Emp.* How?

*Lycin.* Grief and Disgrace, as People say.

*Emp.* No more, I have too much on't,  
Too much by you. You Whetters of my Follies;  
Ye Angel-formers of my Sins; But Devils;  
Where is your Cunning now? you would work Wonders.  
There was no Chastity above your Practice;  
You'd undertake to make her love her Wrongs,  
And doat upon her Rape. Mark what I tell you,  
If she be dead!

*Chyl.* Alas, Sir!

*Emp.* Hang you Rascals.  
Ye Blasters of my Youth, if she be gone,  
'Twere better ye had been your Father's Camels,  
Groan'd under Weights of Wool and Water.  
Am I not *Cæsar*?

*Lycin.* Mighty, and our Maker —

*Emp.* Then thus have given my Pleasures to Destruction —  
Look she be living, Slaves — [Con —

*Chyl.* We are no Gods, Sir,  
If she be dead, to make her live again.

*Emp.* She cannot die, she must not die: Are those  
I plant my Love upon but common Livers?  
Their Hours told out to them? Can they be Ashes?  
Why do you flatter a Belief in me,  
That I am all that is? The World my Creature;  
The Trees bring forth their Fruit, when I say Summer;  
The Wind that knows no Limits, but its wildness,  
At my Command moves not a Leaf: The Sea,  
With his proud Mountain Waters envying Heav'n,  
When I say Still, runs into Crystal Mirrors.

Can

Can I do this, and she die? Why, ye Bubbles,  
That with my least breath break, no more remember'd  
Ye Moths that fly about my Flames and perish;  
Why do ye make me a God that can do nothing?  
Is she not dead?

*Chyl.* All Women are not dead with her.

*Emp.* A common Whore serves you, and far above you,  
The Pleasures of a Body lam'd with Lewdness,  
A meer perpetual Motion makes you happy.  
Am I a Man to Traffick with Diseases?  
You think, because ye have bred me up to Pleasures,  
And almost run me over all the rare ones,  
Your Wives will serve the turn; I care not for 'em,  
Your Wives are Fencers *Whores*, and shall be Footmens.  
Tho' sometimes my Fantastick Lust or Scorn,  
Has made you Cuckolds for Variety;  
I would not have ye hope or dream, ye poor ones,  
Always so great a Blessing from me. Go,  
Get your own Infamy hereafter, Rascals; ye enjoy  
Each one an Heir, the Royal Seed of *Caesar*.  
And I may Curse ye for it.

Thou, *Lycinus*,  
Hast such a *Messalina*, such a *Lais*,  
The Backs of Bulls cannot content, nor Stallion,  
The Sweat of Fifty Men a Night does nothing.

*Lycin.* I hope, Sir, you know better things of her.

*Emp.* 'Tis Oracle,  
The City can bear Witness, thine's a Fool, *Chylax*,  
Yet she can tell her Twenty, and all Lovers,  
All have lain with her too; and all as she is,  
Rotten, and ready for an Hospital.

Yours is a holy Whore, Friend *Balbus*.

*Balb.* Well, Sir.

*Emp.* One that can pray away the Sins she suffers,  
But not the Punishment; she has had Ten Bastards,  
Five of 'em now are Lictors, yet she prays.  
She has been the Song of *Rome*, and common Pasquil,  
Since I durst see a Wench, she was Camp-Mistress,

And



And muster'd all the Cohorts, paid 'em too;  
 They have it yet to shew, and yet she prays.  
 She is now to enter old Men turn'd Children,  
 That have forgot their Rudiments; and am I  
 Left for these wither'd Vices? And was there but one,  
 But one of all the World, that could content me,  
 And snatch'd away in shewing? If your Wives  
 Be not yet Witches, or your selves, now be so,  
 And save your Lives; raise me the dearest Beauty,  
 As when I forc'd her full of Chastity,  
 Or by the Gods——

*Lycin.* Most sacred *Cæsar*——

*Emp.* Slaves.

*Enter Proculus.*

*Proc.* Hail *Cæsar*, Tidings of Concern and Danger;  
 My Message does contain in furious manner:  
 With Oaths and Threatnings, stern *Æcius*  
 Enjoyn'd me on the Peril of my Life,  
 To give this Letter into *Cæsar's* Hands,  
 Arm'd at all Points, prepar'd to march he stands  
 With Crowds of mutinous Officers about him,  
 Among these full of Anguish and Despair,  
 Like pale *Typhoea* along Hell Brinks,  
 Plotting Revenge and Ruin——*Maximus*  
 With ominous Aspect, walks in silent Horror;  
 In threatening Murmurs and harsh broken Speeches,  
 They talk of *Ægypt* and their Provinces,  
 Of Cohorts ready with their Lives to serve'em.  
 And then with bitter Curses they nam'd you.

*Emp.* Go tell thy Fears to thy Companions, Slave!  
 For 'tis a Language Princes understand not.  
 Be gone, and leave me to my self. [*Ex. all but Emp.*]  
 The Names of *Æcius* and of *Maximus*,  
 Run thro' me like a Fever, shake and burn me;  
 But to my Slaves I must not shew my Poorness.  
 They know me vicious, should they find me base,  
 How would the Villains scorn me, and insult?

*Letter*

*Letter.* He reads.

Sir,

*Would some God inspire me with another way  
To serve you, I would not thus fly from you without  
Leave; but Maximus his Wrongs have touch'd too  
Many, and should his Presence here incourage 'em,  
Dangers to you might follow, in Ægypt he will be  
More forget, and you more safe by his Absence.*

*Emp.* A Plot, by Heav'n! a Plot laid for my Life,  
This is too subtle for my dull Friend, *Æcius*.  
*Heav'n give you, Sir, a better Servant to guard you,  
A faithfuller you will never find than Æcius.*  
Since he resents his Friends Wrongs, he'll revenge 'em;  
I know the Soldiers love him more than Heav'n,  
Me they hate more than Peace; what this may breed,  
If dull Security and Confidence  
Let him grow up, a Fool may find, and laugh at.  
Who waits there? *Proculus*.

*Enter Proculus.*

Well, hast thou observ'd  
The growing Pow'r and Pride of this *Æcius*?  
He writes to me with Terms of Insolence,  
And shortly will rebel, if not prevented;  
But in my base lewd Herd of vicious Slaves,  
There's not a Man that dares stand up to strike  
At my Command, and kill this rising Traitor.

*Proc.* The Gods forbid *Cæsar* should thus be serv'd,  
The Earth will swallow him, did you command it!  
But I have study'd a safe sure way,  
How he shall die, and your Will ne'er suspected.  
A Soldier waits without, whom he has wrong'd,  
Cashier'd, disgrac'd, and turn'd to beg or starve.  
This Fellow, for Revenge, would kill the Devil;  
Encouragement of Pardon and Reward,  
Which in your Name I'll give him instantly,

Will

Will make him fly more swiftly on the Murther,  
Than longing Lovers to their first Appointment.

*Emp.* Thou art the wisest, watchful, wary Villain,  
And shalt partake the Secrets of my Soul,  
And ever feel my Favour and my Bounty.  
Tell the poor Soldier, he shall be a General,  
*Æcius* once dead.

*Proc.* Ay, there y'have found the Point, Sir,  
If he can be so brutish to believe it.

*Emp.* Oh never fear! urge it with Confidence,  
What will not flatter'd angry Fools believe?  
Minutes are precious, lose not one.

*Proc.* I fly, Sir—— [Ex. *Proc.*

*Emp.* What an infected Conscience do I live with,  
An uncontroll'd Dominion in Man's Heart,  
Then Fears succeed with Horror and Amazement,  
Which rack the Wretch, and tyrannize by turns.  
But hold—— Shall I grow then so poor as to repent?  
Tho' *Æcius*, Mankind, and the Gods forsake me,  
I'll never alter and forsake my self.

Can I forget the last Discourse he held?  
As if he had intent to make me odious  
To my own Face, and by a way of Terror,  
What Vices I was grounden in, and almost  
Proclaim'd the Soldiers Hate against me.

Is not the Name and Dignity of *Cæsar* sacred?  
Were this *Æcius* more than Man, sufficient  
To shake off all his Honesty? He is dangerous,  
Tho' he be good; and tho' a Friend, a fear'd one,  
And such I must not sleep by; as for *Maximus*,  
I'll find a time when *Æcius* is dispatch'd.

I do believe this *Proculus*, and I thank him;  
'Twas time to look about; if I must perish,  
Yet shall my Fears go foremost, that's determin'd.

[Ex. *Emp.*



## S C E N E III.

— Enter Proculus and Pontius.

*Proc.* Besides this, if you do it, you enjoy  
The Noble Name of *Patrician*; more than that too,  
The Friend of *Cæsar* y'are stil'd. There's nothing  
Within the Hopes of *Rome*, or present being,  
But you may safely say is yours.

*Pont.* Pray stay, Sir.  
What has *Æcius* done to be destroy'd?  
At least I would have a Colour.

*Proc.* You have more.  
Nay, all that can be given; he is a Traitor.  
One, any Man would strike that were a Subject.

*Pont.* Is he so foul?

*Proc.* Yes a most fearful Traitor.

*Pont.* A fearful Plague upon thee, for thou ly'st, [*Aside*]  
I ever thought the Soldiers would undo him,  
With their too much Affection.

*Proc.* You have it.  
They have brought him to Ambition.

*Pont.* Then he is gone.

*Proc.* The Emperor, out of a foolish Pity,  
Would save him yet.

*Pont.* Is he so mad?

*Proc.* He's madder, would go th' Army to him.

*Pont.* Would he so?

*Proc.* Yes, *Pontius*, but we consider.

*Pont.* Wisely.

*Proc.* How else Man, that the State lyes in it?

*Pont.* And your Lives?

*Proc.* And every Man's.

*Pont.* He did me  
All the Disgrace he could.

[*Aretus here.*]

*Proc.*

*Proc.* And scurvily.

*Pont.* Out of a Mischief meerly. Did you mark it?

*Proc.* Yes, well enough.

Now you have Means to quit it;

The Deed done, take his Place.

*Pont.* Pray let me think on't, 'tis Ten to One I do it.

*Proc.* Do, and be happy — [Ex. *Proc.*

*Pont.* This Emperor is made of nought but Mischief;  
Sure Murther was his Mother. None to lop

But the main Link he had? Upon my Conscience,

The Man is truly honest, and that kills him.

For to live here and studdy to be true,

Is all one as to be a Traitor. Why should he die?

Have they not Slaves and Rascals for their Offerings,

In full abundance? Bawds, more than Beasts of  
Slaughter?

Have they not singing Whores enough, and Knaves  
besides?

And Millions of such Martyrs to sink *Charon*.

But the best Sons of *Rome* must fall too? I will shew him

(Since he must die) a way to do it truly.

And tho' he bears me hard, yet shall he know,

I'm born to make him blest me for a Blow. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*Enter Phidius, Aretus and Aecius.*

*Aret.* The Treason is too certain; fly, my Lord.

I heard that Villain *Proculeius* instruct

The desperate *Pontius* to dispatch you here,

Here in the Anti-Chamber.

*Phid.* Curs'd Wretches!

Yet you may escape to the Camp, we'll hazard with you.

*Aret.* Lose not your Life so basely, Sir, you are arm'd,

And many when they see your Sword, and know why,

Must follow your Adventures.

L

*Aecius!*

*Æcius.* Get ye from me.

Is not the Doom of *Cæsar* on this Body?  
Do I not bear my last Hour here now sent me?  
Am I not old *Æcius* ever dying?  
You think this Tenderneſs and Love you bring me  
'Tis Treason, and the ſtrength of Diſobedience;  
And if ye tempt me further, ye ſhall feel it.  
I ſeek the Camp for Safety, when my Death,  
Ten times more glorious than my Life, and laſting,  
Bids me be happy! Let Fools fear to die,  
Or he that weds a Woman for his Honour,  
Dreaming no other Life to come but Kiſſes,  
*Æcius* is not now to learn to ſuffer;  
If ye dare ſhew a juſt Affection, kill me:  
I ſtay but thoſe that muſt. Why do you weep?  
Am I ſo wretched as to deſerve Mens Pities?  
Go, give your Tears to thoſe that loſe their Worths,  
Bewail their Miſeries: For me wear Garlands,  
Drink Wine, and much. Sing *Pæans* to my Praise,  
I am to Triumph, Friends, and more than *Cæſar*,  
For *Cæſar* Feels to die, I love to die.

*Phid.* O my dear Lord!

*Æcius.* No more, go, go, I ſay,  
Shew me not Signs of Sorrow, I deſerve none.  
Dare any Man lament I ſhould die nobly?  
When I am dead, ſpeak honourably of me;  
That is, preſerve my Memory from dying,  
There if you needs muſt weep your ruin'd Maſter,  
A Tear or two will ſeem well; this I charge you,  
(Be cauſe ye ſay ye yet love old *Æcius*).  
See my poor Body burnt, and ſome to ſing  
About my Piſe what I have done and ſuffer'd,  
If *Cæſar* kill not that too: At your Banquets,  
When I am gone, if any chance to number  
The Times that have been ſad and dangerous,  
Say how I fell, and 'tis ſufficient.

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No more I say ; that he laments my End,  
By all the Gods, dishonours me y<sup>e</sup> begone,  
And suddenly, and wisely from my Dangers,  
My Death is catching else.

*Phid.* We fear not dying.

*Aetius.* Yet fear a willful Death, the just Gods hate it,  
I need no Company to that, that Children  
Dare do alone, and Slaves are proud to purchase,  
Live, 'till your Honesties, as mine has done,  
Make this corrupted Age lick of your Virtues.  
Then die a Sacrifice, and then you'll know  
The noble use of dying well, and common.

*Aret.* And must we leave you, Sir?

*Aetius.* We must all die,  
All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,  
Nor how, so we die well And can that Man that does so  
Need Lamentation for him? Children weep,  
Because they have offended, or for fear,  
Women for want of Will and Anger, is there  
In noble Man, charitably feels both Poles,  
Of Life and Death, so much of this Weakness,  
To drown a glorious Death in Child and Woman?  
I am ashamed to see you, yet you move me,  
And were it not, my Manhood would accuse me,  
For covetous to live, I should weep with you.

*Phid.* O we shall never see you more.

*Aetius.* 'Tis true. Nor I the Miseries that Rome  
shall suffer,  
Which is a Benefit Life cannot reckon,  
But what I have been, which is just and faithful,  
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,  
And for he was an honest Man durst die.  
Ye shall have daily with you, could that die too,  
And I return no Traffick of my Travels,  
No Annals of old Aetius, but he liv'd.  
My Friends, ye had cause to weep, and bitterly;  
The common Overthrows of tender Women,

And Children new born; Crying were too little,  
 To shew me then most wretched; if Tears must be,  
 I should in Justice weep 'em, and for you;  
 You are to live, and yet behold those Slaughters,  
 The dry and wither'd Bones of Death would bleed at,  
 But sooner than I have time to think what must be,  
 I fear you'll find what shall be. If you love me,  
 Let that Word serve for all. Be gone, and leave me;  
 I have some little practise with my Soul,  
 And then the sharpest Sword is welcomest—Go,  
 Pray be gone. Ye have obey'd me living,  
 Be not for shame now stubborn—So—F thank ye—  
 And fare you well—A better Fortune guide ye.

*Phid.* What shall we do to save our best lov'd Master?

*Aret.* I'll to *Affranus*, who with half a Legion  
 Lyes in the old *Subura*, all will rise for the brave *Æcius*.

*Phid.* I'll to *Maximus*.  
 And lead him hither to prevent his Murther,  
 Or help in the Revenge, which I'll make sure of.

[Exit *Phidius* and *Aretus*.]

*Æcius.* I here 'em come; who strikes first? I stay for  
 you.

[Enter *Balbus*, *Chylax*, *Lycinius*.]  
 Yet will I die a Soldier, my Sword drawn,  
 But against none. Why do you fear? come forward.

*Bal.* You are a Soldier, *Chylax*.

*Chyl.* Yes, I muster'd, but never saw the Enemy.

*Lycin.* He's arm'd. By Heav'n I dare not do it, speak.

*Æcius.* Why do you tremble?  
 I am to die. Come ye not from *Cæsar* to that end?

*Balb.* We do, and we must kill you; 'tis *Cæsar's* Will.

*Chyl.* I charge you put your Sword up,  
 That we may do it handsomly.

*Æcius.* Ha, ha, ha!  
 My Sword up! Handsomely! Where were you bred?  
 You are the merriest Murtherers, my Masters,

I ever met withal. Come forward, Fools.  
Why do you stare? Upon my Honour, Bawds;  
I will not strike you.

*Lycins.* I'll not be the first.

*Balb.* Nor I.

*Chyl.* You had best die quietly. The Emperor  
Sees how you bear your self.

*Æcius.* I would die, Rascals,  
If you would kill me quietly.

*Balb.* Plague on *Proculus*,  
He promis'd to bring a Captain hither,  
That has been us'd to kill.

*Æcius.* I'll call the Guard,  
Unless you kill me quickly, and proclaim  
What beastly, base, cowardly Companions  
The Emperor has trusted with his Safety;  
Nay, I'll give out you fell on my Side, Villains;  
Strike home, you bawdy Slaves.

*Chyl.* He will kill us; I mark'd his Hand; he waits  
But time to reach us: Now do you offer.

*Æcius.* If you do mangle me,  
And kill me not at Two Blows, or at Three,  
Or not so, stagger me, my Senses fail me,  
Look to your selves.

*Chyl.* I told ye.

*Æcius.* Strike me manly,  
And take a Thousand Stroaks. [Enter Pontius.

*Balb.* Here's Pontius. [Lycinius runs away.

*Pont.* Not kill him yet!  
Is this the Love you bear the Emperor?  
Nay, then I see you are Traitors all; have at ye.

*Chyl.* Oh, I am hurt.

*Balb.* And I am kill'd—— [Exit Chylax and Balbus.

*Pont.* Die Bawds, as you have liv'd and flourish'd.

*Æcius.* Wretched Fellow, what hast thou done?

*Pont.* Kill'd them that durst not kill, and you are next.

*Æcius.* Art thou not Pontius?



**Pont.** I am the same you cast, **Æcius**, and now I am reveng'd.  
And in the Face of all the Camp disgrac'd.

**Æcius.** Then so much nobler, as thou art a Soldier,  
Shall my Death be. Is it Revenge provokes thee?  
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?

**Pont.** Both.

**Æcius.** Then do it.

**Pont.** Is that all?

**Æcius.** Yes.

**Pont.** Would you not live?

**Æcius.** Why should I? To thank thee for my Life?

**Pont.** Yes if I spare it.

**Æcius.** Be not deceiv'd, I was not made to thank  
For any Courtesie but killing me;  
A Fellow of thy Fortune. Do thy Duty.

**Pont.** Do you not fear me?

**Æcius.** No.

**Pont.** Nor love me for it?

**Æcius.** That's as thou dost thy Business.

**Pont.** When you are dead your Place is mine, **Æcius**.

**Æcius.** Now I fear thee,  
And not alone thee, **Pontius**, but the Empire.

**Pont.** Why, I can govern, Sir.

**Æcius.** I wou'd thou cou'dst, and first thy self;  
Thou canst fight well and bravely, thou canst  
Endure all Dangers, Heats, Colds, Hungers;  
Heav'n's angry Flames are not suddenner,  
Than I have seen thee Execute, nor more Mortal,  
The winged Feet of flying Enemies  
I have stood and seen thee mow away like Rushes,  
And still kill the Killer; were thy Mind  
But half so sweet in Peace, as rough in Dangers,  
I dy'd to leave a happy Heir behind me.

Come strike, and be a General—

**Pont.** Prepare then,  
And, for I see your Honour cannot lessen,

And

And 'twere a shame for me to strike a Man,  
Fight your short Span out.

*Æcius.* No, thou knowest I must not;  
I dare not give thee such Advantage of me  
As Disobedience.

*Pont.* Dare you not defend you  
Against your Enemy?

*Æcius.* Not sent from *Cæsar*,  
I have no Power to make such Enemies,  
For as I am condemn'd, my naked Sword  
Stands but a Hatchment by me; only held  
To shew I was a Soldier; had not *Cæsar*,  
Chain'd all Defence in this Doom. Let him die  
Old as I am, and quench'd with Scars and Sorrows,  
Yet would I make this wither'd Arm do Wonders,  
And open in an Enemy such Wounds,  
Mercy would weep to look on.

*Pont.* Then have at you,  
And look upon me, and be sure you fear not,  
Remember who you are, and why you live,  
And what I have been to you: Cry not hold,  
Nor think it base Injustice I should kill thee.

*Æcius.* I am prepar'd for all.

*Pont.* For now, *Æcius*,  
Thou shalt behold and find I was no Traitor.  
And as I do it, bless me — Die as I do —

[*Pontius kills himself.*]

*Æci.* Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Pontius*, and I thank thee,  
By all my Hopes in Heav'n thou art a *Roman*.

*Pont.* To shew you what you ought to do this is not;  
But, noble Sir, you have been Jealous of me,  
And held me in the Rank of dangerous Persons,  
And I must dying say it was but Justice,  
You cast me from my Credit, yet believe me,  
For there is nothing now but Truth to save me,  
And your Forgiveness, tho' you hold me heinous,

And of a troubled Spirit, that like Fire  
 Turns all to Flames it meets with : You mistook me,  
 If I were Foe to any thing, 'twas Ease,  
 Want of the Soldiers Due— The Enemy !  
 The Nakedness we found at home, and Scorn,  
 Children of Peace and Pleasures, no regard,  
 Nor Comfort for our Scars, nor how we got 'em ;  
 To rusty Time that eats our Bodies up,  
 And ev'n began to prey upon our Hours,  
 To Wants at home, and more than Wants, Abuses ;  
 To them that when the Enemy invaded,  
 Made us the Saints, but now the Sores of Rome ;  
 To silken Flattery, and Pride plain'd over,  
 Forgetting with what Wind their Fathers sail'd,  
 And under whose Protection their soft Pleasures  
 Grow full and numberless. To this I am a Foe,  
 Not to the State, or any Point of Duty ;  
 And let me speak but what a Soldier may ;  
 Truly I ought to be so, yet I err'd,  
 Because a far more noble Sufferer  
 Shew'd me the way to Patience, and I lost it :  
 This is the End I die for, to live basely,  
 And not the Follower of him that bred me,  
 In full Account and Virtue, *Pontius* dares not ;  
 Much less to out-live all that is good, and flatter.

*Æcius*. I want a Name to give thy Virtue, Soldier,  
 For only Good is far below thee, *Pontius*,  
 The Gods shall find thee one : Thou hast fashion'd Death  
 In such an excellent and beauteous manner,  
 I wonder Men can live ! Canst thou speak one Word  
 more ?

For thy Words are such Harmony, a Soul  
 Would chuse to fly to Heav'n in.

*Pont.* A Farewel, good Noble General, your Hand :  
 Forgive me, and think whatever was displeasing to you,  
 Was none of mine ; you cannot live.

*Æcius*. I will not ; yet one Word more :

*Pont.*



*Pont.* Die nobly; *Rome*, farewell;  
And *Valentinian* fall.

In Joy you've given me a quiet Death.

[Dies.]

I would strike more Wounds if I had more Breath.

*Æcius.* Is there an Hour of Goodness beyond this?

Or any Man that would out-live such Dying?

Would *Cæsar* double all my Honours on me,

And stick me o'er with Favours like a Mistress,

Yet would I grow to this Man I have lov'd,

But never doated on a Face till now. Oh Death!

Thou art more than Beauty, and thy Pleasures

Beyond Posterity: Come, Friends, and kill me.

*Cæsar*, be kind, and send a Thousand Swords,

The more, the greater is my Fall. Why stay you?

Come, and I'll kiss your Weapons: Fear me not,

By all the Gods, I'll Honour ye for killing.

Appear, or thro' the Court and World I'll search ye,

I'll follow ye, and e'er I die proclaim ye

The Weeds of *Italy*, the Dross of Nature.

Where are ye, Villains, Traitors, Slaves

## S C E N E V.

*Valentinian and the Eunuch discover'd on a Couch.*

*Emp.* Oh let me press these balmy Lips all Day,

And bathe my Love scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses.

Now by my Joys thou art all sweet and soft,

And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love;

Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,

And pour out Pleasure and bless'd Sacrifice,

To the dear Memory of my *Lucina*,

No God nor Goddess ever was ador'd with such Religion,

As my Love shall be; for in these charming Raptures

Of my Soul, claspt in thy Arms I'll waste my self away,

And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;

While to the Honour of *Lucina's* Name,

I leave Mankind to mourn the Loss for ever.

A

( 554 )  
A S O N G.

**K**indness hath restless Charms,  
All besides can weakly move;  
Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
And clips the Wings of flying Love.  
Beauty does the Heart invade,  
Kindness only can persuade;  
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,  
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

*Enter Acius with Two Swords.*

*Emp.* Hal what desperate Mad-man, weary of his Be-  
Presume to press upon my happy Moments?

*Acius?* And Arm'd? whence comes this impious  
Boldness?

Did not my Will, the World's most sacred Law,  
Doom thee to die?

And dar'st thou in Rebellion be alive?

Is Death more frightful grown than Disobedience?

*Acius.* Not for a hated Life condemn'd by you,  
Which in your Service has been still expos'd,  
To Pain and Labours, Famine, Slaughter, Fire,  
And all the dreadful Toils of Horrid War,  
And I thus lowly laid before your Feet:  
For what mean Wretch, who has his Duty done,  
Would care to live, when you declare him worthless?  
If I must fall, which your severe Disfavour  
Hath made the easier, and the nobler Choice,  
Yield me not up a wretched Sacrifice,  
To the poor Sleen of a base Favourite.  
Let not vile Instruments destroy the Man,  
Whom once you lov'd; but let your Hand bestow  
That welcome Death your Anger has decreed.

[Lays his Sword at his Feet.]

*Emp.*



*Emp.* Go, seek the common Executioner,  
Old Man thro' Vanity and Years grown mad,  
Or to relieve thee from the Hangman's Stroke,  
Go, use thy Military Interest,

To beg a milder Death among the Guards,  
And tempt my kindl'd Wrath no more with Folly.

*Acius.* Ill counsell'd, thankless Prince, you bid indeed  
Bestow my Office on a Soldier;

But in the Army could you hope to find,  
With all your Bribes, a Murderer of *Arcil*?

Whom they so long have follow'd, known and own'd,  
Their God in War? and thy good Genius ever

Speechless and cold without, upon the Ground,  
The Soldier lies; whose generous Death will reach,

Posterity true Gratitude and Honour;  
And press as heavily upon thy Soul,

Lost *Valentinian*, as by the barbarous Rape,  
For which since Heav'n alone must punish thee,

I'll do Heav'n's Justice on thy base Assister. *Exit as Lycias.*

*Lyc.* Save me, my Lord,

*Emp.* Hold, honest *Acius*, hold,

I was too rash. Oh spare the gentle Boy!

And I'll forgive thee all.

*Lyc.* Furies and Death.

*Emp.* He Bleeds! Mourn ye Inhabitants of Heav'n!

For sure my lovely Boy was one of you!

But he is dead, and now ye may rejoice,

For ye have stoln him from me, spiteful Powers!

Empire and Life, I ever have despis'd

The Vanity of Pride, of Hope and Fear;

In Love alone my Soul found real Joys;

And still yet tyrannize and cross my Love.

Oh that I had a Sword

To drive this raving Fool headlong to Hell.

*Acius.* Take your Desire, and try if lawless Lust

Can stand against Truth, Honesty, and Justice.



I have my Wish. Gods give you true Repentance,  
And bless you still. Beware of *Maximus*.

*[They Fight. Æcius runs on the Emperor's  
Sword, falls and Dies.]*

*Emp.* Farewel, dull Honesty, which thou despis'd,  
Canst make thy Owner run on certain Ruin.  
Old *Æcius*! Where is now thy Name in War?  
Thy Interest with so many conquer'd Nations?  
The Soldier's Reverence, and the People's Love?  
Thy mighty Fame and Popularity?  
With which thou kept'st me still in certain Fear,  
Depending on thee for uncertain Safety:  
Ah! what a lamentable Wretch is he,  
Who urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his Pow'r,  
To hope Protection from his Favourite?  
Wallowing in Ease and Vice, feels no contempt,  
But wears the empty Name of Prince with Scorn;  
And lives a poor led Pageant to his Slave?  
Such have I been to thee, honest *Æcius*!  
Thy Pow'r kept me in Awe, thy Pride in Pain,  
'Till now I liv'd; but since thou'rt dead, I'll reign.

*Enter Phidius with Maximus.*

*Phid.* Behold, my Lord, the cruel Emperor,  
By whose tyrannick Doom the noble *Æcius*  
Was judg'd to die.

*Emp.* He was so, sawey Slave!  
Struck by this Hand, here groveling at my Feet  
The Traitor lyes! as thou shalt do, bold Villain!  
Go to the Furies, carry my defiance, *[Kills him.]*  
And tell 'em, *Cæsar* fears not Earth nor Hell.

*Phid.* Stay, *Æcius*, and I'll wait thy mightier Ghost.  
Oh *Maximus*, thro' the long Vault of Death,  
I hear thy Wife cry out, Revenge me!  
Revenge me on the Ravisher, no more!

*Arcus* comes to aid thee! Oh! farewell! *[Dies.]*

*Emp.* Ha! what not speak yet? thou whose Wrongs  
are greatest;  
Or

Or do the Horrors that we have been doing,  
Amaze thy feeble Soul? If thou art a *Roman*,  
Answer the Emperor: *Cæsar* bids thee speak.

*Max.* A *Roman*? Ha! and *Cæsar* bids thee speak!  
Pronounce thy Wrongs, and tell 'em o'er in Groans:  
But oh! the Story is ineffable!  
*Cæsar's* Commands, back'd with the Eloquence  
Of all the inspiring Gods, cannot declare it.  
Oh Emperor, thou Picture of a Glory!  
Thou mangled Figure of a ruin'd Greatness!  
Speak, say'st thou? Speak the Wrongs of *Maximus*.  
Yes, I will speak. Imperial Murderer!  
Ravisher! Oh thou Royal Villany!  
In Purple dipt to give a Gloss to Mischief,  
Yet e'er thy Death enriches my Revenge,  
And swells the Book of Fate, you statelier Madman,  
Plac'd by the Gods upon a Precipice,  
To make thy Fall more dreadful. Why hast thou slain  
Thy Friend, thy only Stay for sinking Greatness?  
What Frenzy, what blind Fury did possess thee,  
To cut off thy Right Hand, and fling it from thee?  
For such was *Ætius*.

*Emp.* Yes, and such art thou;  
Joint Traitors to my Empire and my Glory.  
Put up thy Sword; be gone for ever; leave me.  
Tho', Traitor, yet because I once did wrong thee,  
Live like a vagrant Slave. I banish thee. [rightly,

*Max.* Hold me, you Gods; and judge your Passions  
Lest I should kill him: Kill this luxurious Worm,  
E'er yet a Thought of Danger has awak'd him.  
End him even in the midst of Night-Debauches,  
Mounted upon a *Tripas*, drinking Healths  
With shallow Rascals, Pimps, Buffoons and Bawds,  
Who with vile Laughter take him in their Arms,  
And bear the drunken *Cæsar* to his Bed;  
Where, to the Scandal of all Majesty,  
At every Grasp he belches Provinces,

Kisses



Kisses off ~~Emperors~~ at the Empire's Ruin  
Enjoys his costly Whore.

*Emp.* Peace, Traitor, or thou dy'st.  
Thou pale *Lucina* should direct thy Sword,  
I would Assault thee if thou offer more.

*Max.* More? by the Immortal Gods I will awake thee.  
I'll rouse thee, *Cesar*, if strong Reason can.  
If thou hadst ever Sense of Roman Honour,  
Or the Imperial Genius ever warm'd thee,  
Why hast thou us'd me thus for all my Service,  
My Toils, my Frights, my Wounds in horrid War?  
Why didst thou tear the only Garland from me,  
That could make proud my Conquests? O ye Gods!  
If there be no such thing as Right or Wrong,  
But Force alone must swallow all Possession,  
Then to what purpose in so long Defects  
Were Roman Laws observ'd, or Heav'n obey'd?  
If still the Great for Ease or Vice were form'd,  
Why did our first Kings toil? Why was the Plough  
Advanc'd to be the Pillar of the State?  
Why was the lustful *Tarquin* with his House  
Expell'd, but for the Rape of bleeding *Lucrece*?

*Emp.* I cannot bear the Words. Vext Wretch, no more.  
He shocks me. Prithce *Maximus*, no more.  
Reason no more; thou troublest me with Reason.

*Max.* What servile Rascal, what most abject Slave,  
That lick'd the Dust where e'er his Master trod,  
Bounded not from the Earth upon his Feet,  
And shook his Chain, that heard of *Brutus* Vengeance?  
Who that e'er heard the Cause, applauded not  
That Roman Spirit, for his great Revenge?  
Yet mine is more, and touches me far nearer:  
*Lucrece* was not his Wife as she was mine,  
For ever ravish'd, ever lost *Lucina*.

*Emp.* Ah name her not: That Name, thy Face and  
Reason  
Are the Three Things on Earth I would avoid:

Let



(389)  
Let me forget her, I'll forgive thee all,  
And give thee half the Empire to be gone,  
*Max.* Thus need'd with such a Cause, what Soul  
but mine.

Had not upon the Instant ended thee?  
Sworn in that Moment — *Cæsar* is no more,  
And so I had. But I will tell thee, Tyrant,  
To make thee hate thy Guilt, and curse thy Fears,  
*Æcius*, whom thou hast slain, prevented me;  
*Æcius*, who on this bloody Spot lyes murder'd  
By barb'rous *Cæsar*, watch'd my vow'd Revenge,  
And from my Sword preserv'd ungrateful *Cæsar*.

*Emp.* How then durst thou, reviewing this great  
Example,  
With impious Arms assault the Emperor?

*Max.* Because I have more Wit than Honesty,  
More of thy self, more Villany than Virtue,  
More Passion, more Revenge, and more Ambition,  
Than foolish Honour, and fantastick Glory.  
What mare your Empire? Suffer you to live?  
After the impious Wrongs I have receiv'd,  
Couldst thou thus lull me, thou might'st laugh indeed.

*Emp.* I am satisfy'd that thou didst ever hate me,  
Thy Wife's Rape therefore was an Act of Justice,  
And so far thou hast eas'd my tender Conscience.  
Therefore to hope a Friendship from thee now,  
Vvere vain to me, as is the Worlds continuance,  
VWhere solid Pains succeed our senseless Joys,  
And short-liv'd Pleasures fleet like passing Dreams.  
*Æcius*, I mourn thy Fate as much as Man can do  
In my Condition, that am going, and therefore  
Should be busie with my self; yet to thy Memory I  
will allow

Some Grains of Time, and drop some sorrowing Tears.  
Oh, *Æcius*! Oh!

*Max.* VWhy this is right, my Lord;  
And if these Drops are Orient, you will set

True

True *Cæsar*, glorious in your going down,  
 Tho' all the Journey of your Life was cloudy.  
 Allow at least a Possibility,

Where Thought is lost, and think there may be Gods  
 An unknown Country, after you are dead,  
 As well as there was one e'er you were born.

*Emp.* I've thought enough, and with that thought re-  
 To mount Imperial from the burning Pile. [solus]  
 I grieve for *Cæsar*! yes, I mourn him Gods!  
 As if I had met my Father in the dark,  
 And striving for the way had murder'd him.  
 Oh such a faithful Friend! that when he knew  
 I hated him, and had contriv'd his Death,

Yet then he ran his Heart upon his Sword,  
 And gave a fatal Proof of dying Love.

*Max.* 'Tis now fit time, I've wrought you to my pur-  
 Else at my Entrance with a brutal Blow, [solus]  
 I'd sell'd you like a Victim for the Altar,  
 Not warn'd you thus, and arm'd you for your Hour,  
 And if whene'er Fate call'd a *Cæsar* home,  
 The judging Gods look'd down to mark his dying.

*Emp.* Oh subtle Traitor! how he dallies with me!  
 Think not, thou sawcy Counsellor, my Slave,  
 Tho' at this Moment I should feel thy Foot  
 Upon my Neck, and Sword within my Bowels.  
 That I would ask a Life from thee. No, Villain,  
 When once the Emperor is at thy Command,  
 Power, Life and Glory must take leave for ever:  
 Therefore prepare the utmost of thy Malice;  
 But to torment thee more, and shew how little  
 All thy Revenge can do, appears to *Cæsar*.  
 Would the Gods raise *Lucina* from the Grave,  
 And Fetter thee but while I might enjoy her,  
 Before thy Face I'd ravish her again.

*Max.* Hark, hark! *Areus* and the Legions come.

*Emp.*

*Emp.* Come all, *Aretus*, and the Rebel Legions;  
 Let *Æcius* too part from the Goal of Death,  
 And run the flying Race of Life again;  
 I'd be the foremost still, and snatch fresh Glory  
 To my last Gasp, from the contending World;  
 Garlands and Crowns too shall attend my Dying,  
 Statues and Temples, Altars shall be rais'd  
 To my great Name, while your more vile Inscriptions  
 Time rots, and mould'ring Clay is all your Portion.

*Enter Aretus and Soldiers. They kill the Emperor.*

*Max.* Lead me to Death or Empire which you please,  
 For both are equal to a ruin'd Man :  
 But, Fellow-Soldiers, if you are my Friends,  
 Bring me to Death, that I may there find Peace,  
 Since Empire is too poor to make amends  
 For half the Losses I have undergone.  
 A true Friend, and a tender faithful Wife,  
 The Two blest Miracles of Human Life.  
 Go now and seek new Worlds to add to this;  
 Search Heav'n for Blessings to enrich the Gift;  
 Bring Power and Pleasure on the Wings of Fame,  
 And heap this Treasure upon *Maximus*,  
 You'll make a great Man not a happy one;  
 Sorrows so just as mine must never end,  
 For my Love ravish'd, and my murder'd Friend.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

M

E P I-



## EPILOGUE;

Written by a Person of Quality.

**T**IS well the Scene is laid remote from hence,  
 'Twould bring in question else our Author's sense,  
 Two monstrous things, produc'd for this our Age,  
 And no where to be seen but on the Stage.  
 A Woman ravish'd, and a great Man Wise,  
 Nay honest too, without the least Disguise.  
 Another Character deserves great blame,  
 A Cuckold daring to revenge his Shame.  
 Surly, ill-natur'd Roman, wanting Wit,  
 Angry when all true Englishmen submit,  
 Witness the Horns of the well-headed Pit.  
 Tell me, ye Fair Ones, pray now tell me, why  
 For such a Fault as this to bid me die.  
 Should Husbands thus command, and Wives obey,  
 'Twould spoil our Audience for the next new Play,  
 Too many wanting, who are here to Day.  
 For I suppose if e'er that happen to ye,  
 'Twas Force prevail'd, ye said, he would undo ye.  
 Struggling, cry'd out, but all alas in vain,  
 Like me ye underwent the killing Pain.  
 Did not you pity me, lament each Groan,  
 When left with the wild Emperor alone?  
 I know in Thought ye kindly bore a part,  
 Each had her Valentinian in her Heart.

# A D V I C E T O A P A I N T E R, &c.

**S**pread a large Canvas, Painter, to contain  
The great Assembly, and the num'rous Train;  
Who all about him shall in Council sit,  
Abjuring Wisdom, and despising Wit;  
Hating all Justice, and resolv'd to Fight,  
To rob his Native Country of its Right.

*First*, Draw him falling prostrate to the South,  
Adoring *Rome*, this Libel in his Mouth;

Most Holy Father ! being joyn'd in League,  
 With Father Patrick, Darby, and with Teague,  
 Thrown at your Sacred Feet I humbly bow ;  
 I, and the wise Associates of my Vow,  
 I swear not Fire nor Sword shall ever end,  
 Till all this Nation to Your Foot-stool bend ;  
 Arm'd with bold Zeal and Blessings from your Hands,  
 I'll raise my Irish and my Popish Bands ;  
 And by a Noble well-contrived Plot,  
 Manag'd by wise Fitz-garrard, and by Scot ;  
 Prove to the World I'll have Old England know,  
 That Common Sense is my Eternal Foe :  
 I ne'er can fight in a more Glorious Cause,  
 Than to destroy their Liberties and Laws :  
 Their Parchment Presidents, their dull Records,  
 Their House of Commons, and their House of Lords.  
 Shall these Men dare to contradict my Will ?  
 And think a Prince o'th' Blood can er'e do ill ?  
 It is our Birth-right ; We have power to kill ?  
 Shall these Men dare to think, shall these decide  
 The way to Heav'n ? and who shall be my Guide ?  
 Shall these pretend to say that Bread is Bread ?  
 Or that there is no Purg'tory for the Dead,  
 That Extreme Unction is but common Oyl,  
 And not Infallible the Roman Soyl ?  
 I'll have these Villains in our Notions rest :  
 You and I say it ; Therefore it is best.

Next, Painter, Draw his Mordant by his side,  
 Conveying his Religion, and his Bribe ;  
 He who long since abjur'd the Royal Line,  
 Does now in Popery with his Master joyn.

Then



Then Draw the Princess with her Jetty Locks,  
 Hastning to be Renowned with the P——  
 And in her Youthful Veins receive that Wound,  
 Which sent *N— H—* before her under-ground;  
 That Wound of which the tainted C—— fades,  
 Preserv'd in store for the next Sett of Maids.

Poor P—— ! born under some sullen Star,  
 To find this welcome when you come so far:  
 Better some Jealous Neighbour of your own  
 Had call'd you to some sound, tho' petty Throne;  
 Where, 'twixt a wholesome Husband, and a Page,  
 You might have linger'd out a longer Age.  
 Then in false hopes of being once a Queen,  
 Die before Twenty, Not before Fifteen.

Now, *Painter*, shew us in the blackest Dye,  
 The Councillors of all this Villany.

*Clifford*, who first appear'd in humble guise,  
 Was thought so meek, so modest, and so wise;  
 But when he came to act upon the Stage,  
 He prov'd the mad *Cetbegus* of our Age:  
 He and the Duke had each too great a Mind  
 To be by Justice, or by Law confin'd;  
 Their boyling Heads can hear no other Sounds,  
 Than Fleets and Armies, Battles, Blood and Wounds;  
 And to destroy our Liberty they hope,  
 In *Irish* Fools, and in a Doting *Pope*.

Then *Painter* shew thy Skill, and in fit place  
 Let's see the *Nuncio Arundel's* sweet Face;  
 Let the Beholders by thy Art descry  
 His Sense and Soul, as squinting as his Eye.

Let

Let *Bellasis* autumnal Face be seen;  
 Rich with the Spoil of a poor *Algerine*;  
 Who trusting in him, was by him betray'd;  
 And so should we, were his Advice obey'd:  
 The *Hero* once got Honour by the Sword,  
 He got his Wealth by breaking of his Word;  
 He now has got his Daughter great with Child,  
 And Pimps to have his Family defil'd.

Next, Painter, Draw the Rabble of the Plot,  
*German, Fitz-gerrard, Loftus, Porter, Scot*;  
 These are fit Heads indeed to turn a State,  
 And change the Order of a Nations Fate:  
 Ten Thousand such as these can ne'er controul,  
 The smallest Atoms of an *English* Soul.  
 Old *England* on its strong Foundation stands,  
 Defying all their Heads, and all their Hands;  
 It's steady *Basis* never could be shook,  
 When Wiser Heads its ruine undertook;  
 And can her *Guardian-Angel* let her stoop  
 At last to *Fools*, to *Mad-Men*, and the *Pope*.  
 No, Painter, no; Close up thy Piece, and see  
 This Croud of Traytors hang in Effigies

Then Painter shew thy Skill, and in the place  
 Let the Beholders by thy Art detect  
 His scold and soul, as spinning as his Eye

# To the KING.

**G**reat **CHARLES**, who full of Mercy  
 would'st Command  
 In Peace and Plenty this thy Native Land;  
 At last take Pity on thy Tott'ring Throne,  
 Shook by the Faults of others, not thy own:  
 Let not thy Life and Crown together End,  
 Destroy'd by a false Brother, and false Friend:  
 Observe the Danger that appears so near,  
 And all your Subjects do each Minute fear;  
 A drop of Poison, or a Popish Knife,  
 Ends all the Joys of *England* with your Life,  
 Brothers, 'tis true, should be by Nature kind;  
 But to a Zealous and Ambitious Mind,  
 Brib'd by a Crown on Earth, and one Above,  
 There's no more Friendship, Tenderness, or Love.  
 See in all Ages what Examples are  
 Of Monarchs Murther'd by th' impatient Heir.  
 Hard Fate of Princes, who will ne'er believe,  
 Till the Stroke's struck, which they can ne'er  
 retrieve.

F I N I S.



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